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The Mercury.

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"THE NEWPORT MERCURY" was established by John P. Barnhorn in 1867. It has since that time been published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays. It is one of the oldest newspapers in the city, and its circulation is one of the largest. The paper is published at 100 Thames Street, Newport, R. I. It is owned and published by The Mercury Publishing Co., of which John P. Barnhorn is president and A. H. Barnhorn is editor. The paper is published at 100 Thames Street, Newport, R. I. It is owned and published by The Mercury Publishing Co., of which John P. Barnhorn is president and A. H. Barnhorn is editor.

Local Matters.

The City Election.

All is in readiness for the city election that will take place next Tuesday. The board of aldermen made their final canvass of the voting lists at their meeting Wednesday morning and the printing of the official lists will be completed to-day. The ballots are in readiness and the sample ballots have been posted in various places. Some of them are longer than others, but all of them are long enough to thoroughly confuse the voter who has not carefully made up his mind before he enters the voting booth. To vote for more than the thirteen members of the representative council invalidates the entire ballot for the council, and it is no easy job to pick out the exact number and not vote for the wrong man. Some lists have been prepared by interested parties for the guidance of voters.

This will be the first time since the city of Newport was divided into representative districts that it has not been necessary to use the small voting booths, and there may be some little confusion in consequence of the change. At the last session of the General Assembly, the small voting districts were abolished by making the ward lines conform to the district lines. This does away with much expense as well as preventing the clogging of the streets by the erection of the special booths.

Altogether the campaign has been a very quiet one, free from public meetings and with little oratory. Most of the candidates have the city placarded with their portraits and much quiet work is being done to advance their interests. It is probable that on election day there will be a large number of workers at the polls, but without much organization, for this year more than ever each candidate seems to stand on his own feet. There are no propositions to be voted on this year, and it is doubtful if the total vote will be particularly large.

The aldermanic candidates seem to be working harder for election than any of the others, and there are sharp contests on for these offices in each ward. It is generally thought that the complexion of the board will be considerably changed next year.

The annual Lodge of Sorrow by Newport Lodge of Elks will take place at the Colonial Theatre on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. Rev. C. Edwin Silcox, pastor of the United Congregational Church, will deliver the address, and Past Exalted Ruler Daniel J. Kane of Boston will deliver the eulogy. The Newport Oratorio Society will render a number of selections. These annual memorial services are always largely attended.

A deckhand named John DeSylvia was found dead in his bunk on the steamer Priscilla when that vessel arrived here from New York early Tuesday morning. He had been engaged in a friendly wrestling match with another member of the crew a few hours earlier and it is presumed that he strained himself at that time. Medical Examiner Sherman gave permission to carry the body on to Fall River.

Professor William MacDonald of Brown University delivered an interesting lecture under the auspices of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., in the Rogers High School Hall on Thursday evening. There was a fair-sized audience. Mr. Frank M. Greenlaw presided and introduced the speaker, whose subject was, "Were the old times better than the new?"

A young boy named John Curran was knocked down by a motor cycle on Thames street Thursday afternoon, and it was at first thought that he had been seriously injured. He was carried into the Bee Hive and later taken to his home on Washington square in the motor patrol. His injuries, though painful, will not prove serious.

Board of Aldermen.

At the weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the business transacted was largely of a routine nature. Chief Kirwin made a report on the recent trip of the fire department into Middletown and the report was referred to the representative council. The New England Insurance Exchange wrote that it would consider the application of the city of Newport for a better insurance rating, and Mayor Harrington was authorized to sign a blank application for the change.

Another phase of the police situation has developed this week. Mayor Harrington has issued an order to Chief Crowley to turn back into the city treasury the amount of money that he has received as his share of the dog license fees for the last ten years. The state law provides that 16 cents may be retained by the chief of police from each license issued, but it is possible that the local regulations of the police department may provide for turning this money into the city treasury in consideration of the provisions of the retirement law.

The State Board of Health presented at the Coddington School in Newport, on Friday, a lecture on Safety First for the benefit of the children in the afternoon and for their parents and adults in the evening. The lecture was illustrated with a fine set of lantern slides and moving picture reels. The lecture was given in Newport upon the request of Dr. R. H. Darrah, vice-president of the State Board of Health and chairman of the Board of Health of Newport, and Mr. Campbell of the Coddington School.

Mr. Thomas W. McKnell of Providence, author of "The Story of Dr. John Clarke," came to Newport Thursday afternoon to assist in the formation of a national organization to perpetuate the fame of the Newport man. The meeting was held in the vestry of the First Baptist John Clarke Memorial Church, and Mr. McKnell outlined the plans for the organization and the reasons for spreading the fame of Dr. John Clarke and giving him the glory that he had well earned.

A young man living with his mother on Bridge street suffered from violent mania Tuesday afternoon, threatening members of his family and smashing up the furniture. A stove was upset and the fireman were summoned to put out the fire. The young man dashed through a closed window only partially clothed and was caught outside the house.

Several possible sites for the temporary location of the Postoffice, pending the construction of the new federal building have been suggested, but it will be some little time yet before contracts can be closed. It will take some weeks to put the temporary building into condition and it will not be a great while before it will be required.

Mr. William Allan of this city was united in marriage in Providence this week to Miss Helen Hortense Horton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Horton, Jr., of that city. Mr. and Mrs. Allan will reside in Newport upon their return from their wedding trip.

Men from the Simpson Brothers Company have been at work on the Broadway pavement this week, repairing the damage done by the recent bursting of a water main at the foot of Kilburn court. The damage was found to be quite extensive.

Dr. Gardner T. Swarts, secretary of the State Board of Health, was scheduled to be the principal speaker at the parents evening to be held at the Coddington school last evening.

Better make out a list of candidates for whom you wish to vote before entering the booth next Tuesday. It will be pretty late then to make an intelligent selection.

A cottage at Island Park, belonging to James Hughes of Fall River was destroyed by fire Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsden J. Perry will close their Newport residence next week and return to Providence.

The towns of Middletown and Portsmouth do not take kindly to the idea of the "one-man-car."

A movement is on foot to widen the Training Station road and build a new grandolithic sidewalk.

December has treated us rather kindly thus far. Let us hope that it will continue.

Mr. Charles L. Sherman of this city has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Durfee of New Bedford spent Sunday in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Delikis have returned from a trip to California.

Three weeks to Christmas. Are you ready for it?

For Street Commissioner.

Although the election of various city officers by the representative council will not occur until January 3rd, there is already considerable activity among those who are aspirants for the elevated offices. The office of street commissioner is at present attracting considerable attention among those who consider themselves well qualified to serve the city, the reason being that Mr. William Hamilton, who has held that office for two years, has announced that he will not again be a candidate. This leaves the field open for all comers, and the indications are that there will be enough to allow of a good selection.

The announced candidates who are already in the field include Mr. Francis I. Greene, a son of Mr. Jere I. Greene and a graduate engineer of considerable experience; Mr. Alexander J. Fludger, a contracting mason; and Mr. John F. Sullivan, a learner and contractor. It would not be surprising if other candidates should enter the field before the date for the meeting, their intention being guided to some extent by the result of the city election next Tuesday.

The proposition to operate one-man cars on the main line of the Newport & Providence road will probably not be carried out. It was the intention to have all the cars equipped in pay-as-you-enter style, and have no conductor on the car. Many of the cars had already been practically fitted out in this way, but the town council of Portsmouth has remonstrated, and the town council of Middletown has passed an ordinance requiring all cars that run through the town to have a crew of two men.

November tried to show what it could do in the way of weather before it went into the discard. Sunday was a beautiful fall day, clear and mild, and hundreds of Newporters took advantage of the day to get out into the open air as much as possible. Monday opened rather threateningly, and in the middle of the forenoon there was a brisk thunderstorm during which the rain fell in torrents for a few minutes accompanied by one or two brilliant flashes of lightning and heavy thunder.

The Superior Court will open its December session for Newport County next Monday. There will be a few cases for the grand jury to consider on the opening day, but probably nothing like the number that was found at the October session. The docket of civil and criminal cases prepared for this session is not a long one, and while there may be some jury trials the probabilities are that the December term of court will be shorter than ordinary.

Albert F. Speedwell of this city was found guilty in the Federal Court in Providence on Tuesday of larceny of copper from the Training Station. He was sentenced to thirty days imprisonment in the Providence County Jail. The trial covered a part of two days, and a number of witnesses were summoned for both sides. Speedwell had an excellent record while he was in the Navy, seeing active service during the Spanish War and being presented with medals for bravery.

It is reported that the syndicate that purchased the Pell property on Coddington's point contemplates extensive improvements there, a hotel, bath houses and other amusement features being a part of the general plan. However, there may be considerable litigation because another syndicate claims that Mrs. Pell had agreed to sell the property to them.

A man giving the name of George Baker has been committed to the Providence County Jail from this city, in default of the necessary funds to pay a fine of \$10 and costs for peddling court plaster without a license. The police have reason to believe that a dangerous man is out of the way for a time, as he admitted having been in company with a gang of yeggs recently.

G. H. Wrightington's automobile and an express wagon came together at the corner of Spring and Touro streets early Saturday evening. Mr. Wrightington was considerably bruised and his auto suffered some damage. This is one of the most dangerous corners in Newport.

Chief Engineer Davol of the Fall River Fire Department came to Newport on Wednesday and looked over Newport's new motorized fire department in company with Chief Kirwin. Fall River is planning to install some new motor apparatus.

Mr. Frederick F. Garretson has returned from a trip to New York during which he contracted a severe cold. It was at first feared that pneumonia might develop.

Betty Williams Lodge, No. 215, Daughters of St. George, held their first annual fair in MERCURY Hall on Thursday afternoon and evening.

Mr. August Belmont is confined to his New York apartments by illness.

Liquor Licenses Granted.

The long discussion over the matter of applications for liquor licenses for next year has now been settled, the board having granted licenses to all the applicants and refusing to grant any new ones. This means that there will be forty-five retail places in Newport during the coming year. In addition to these special summer licenses have been granted to Charles E. Gunther and to Jeremiah K. Sullivan. There are also nine wholesale and eight club licenses.

All the old applicants for Long Wharf received licenses, although representatives of the navy asked that no licenses be granted for that locality. Robert J. Sweeney & Son got their license for the old Tenger stand on Middletown avenue, against which there had been considerable objection. Daniel J. Walsh on West Marlborough street, against whom strong protests had been presented, also got a license, but not until after he had surrendered his tavern license. In fact there were four others who had to surrender tavern licenses before they could obtain liquor licenses, these being Lampros Brown, William Hanson, William Quigley & Sons, and Charles Ritt. The license commissioners laid their applications on the table until after the board of aldermen met on Monday evening, when their tavern licenses were surrendered and their liquor licenses were issued immediately afterward.

Although under the new State census, the board could have granted an additional number of licenses they refused all now applications. Many of the dealers, both wholesale and retail, were called before the board and told what they would have to do if they wanted to keep their licenses and all agreed to conform strictly to the law.

Dr. Lucius F. C. Garvin, former Governor of Rhode Island, came to Newport on Monday evening and explained the single-tax theory before a large assemblage at the Young Men's Christian Association. The affair was the first of a series to be given by the educational committee of the Association. The audience was composed of representative business and professional men, and they followed his remarks with the closest attention. At the conclusion of his address there were many questions asked, and he endeavored to reply to them all.

Tax Collector E. W. Higbee had a busy time Tuesday night. That was the last day for paying personal property taxes and it was long after midnight before he was able to leave his office. He had to be back there Wednesday morning at seven o'clock in order to complete the making up of his report to be presented to the board of canvassers at 10 o'clock. This report contained the names of all persons assessed for personal property taxes who had not paid their taxes by Tuesday night, and who consequently would be ineligible to vote at the city election.

After the votes are cast at the city election and the wardens and clerks have completed their preliminary count, it will be up to the newly created returning board to make the official count. Their job will be no small one. It has generally taken the board of aldermen three to four days and evenings to complete the official count, with the assistance of the Mayor and the City Clerk. The new board consists of but three members and the probabilities are that they will find their task a long and tedious one. The salary of each member is fifty dollars a year.

Another in the series of smokers being held for the purpose of encouraging recruiting in the ranks of the Newport Artillery Company was held at the Armory on Monday evening. An excellent chowder was served, prepared by Ordnance Sergeant Thomas H. Lawton, after which there were remarks by Chaplain Stanley C. Hughes and Mr. Joseph G. Farmer.

An unoccupied house on Parker avenue was entered by visitors Sunday evening, and they were having a gay time until the police were notified by neighbors. The auto patrol was dispatched to the scene but all signs of revelry were gone and there was no trace of the uninvited guests.

Captain John Ashton of New York, in charge of the barge Laura lying at Pinniger & Manchester's wharf, was instantly killed by falling into the hold of the barge late last week. He was about seventy years of age and is survived by a widow, who keeps a little store in New York.

Darling & Slade Construction Company bought the steam lighter Archie for \$1025 at the trustee's sale of Joseph C. Terry, bankrupt property, in Fall River on Tuesday.

Miss Martha C. Codman has closed her Newport residence and will spend some time in New York and Boston before going to Washington for the winter.

Recent Deaths.

John R. Purcell.
Mr. John R. Purcell, one of the lessees of the Perry House, died very suddenly in Middletown, N. Y., on Monday, death being due to pneumonia, following a severe cold. He was summoned from Newport last Thursday to attend the funeral of his mother, who had died at her old home near Middletown. He had a slight cold at the time of leaving Newport and the exposure incident to the funeral which involved a long drive, aggravated his condition so that pneumonia developed.

Mr. Purcell was a well-known hotel man, having been employed in some of the largest hotels in New York and afterward conducting a restaurant in that city. He came to Newport in 1906 to form a partnership with the late Nicholas E. Dwyer to conduct the Perry House. Mr. Dwyer died two years ago, and since then his interests in the firm had been looked after by his son, Mr. James A. Dwyer.

Mr. Purcell was a member of Providence Lodge of Elks and had a wide circle of friends inside the fraternity. He was well known to hundreds of travelling men all over the country. He is survived by a widow.

Lawton-Warren Post.

The annual meeting of Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., was held on Wednesday evening with a large attendance of members. Commander William S. Bailey was re-elected to command the Post, this being his eleventh term. Colonel Andrew K. McMahon enters upon his twelfth term as quartermaster of the Post.

The new officers are as follows:
Commander—William S. Bailey.
Senior Vice Commander—William S. Slocom.
Junior Vice Commander—Frank P. Gomes.

Chaplain—John T. Delano.
Quartermaster—Andrew K. McMahon.
Surgeon—Robert Cradle.
Officer of the Day—A. Judson Barker.

Officer of the Guard—Alfred L. Trowbridge.
Patriotic Instructor—John T. Delano.
Delegates to Encampment—First, William Hamilton; second, William S. Slocom.

Alternates—Robert Cradle, first; George B. Smith, second.
Auditing Committee—William S. Slocom, Edwin H. Tilley and John B. Mason.

Relief Committee—Commander William S. Bailey, Senior Vice Commander William S. Slocom and Junior Vice Commander Frank P. Gomes.

Finance Committee—Senior Vice Commander William S. Slocom, Junior Vice Commander Frank P. Gomes and Chaplain John T. Delano.

Hall Committee—Commander William S. Bailey, Quartermaster Andrew K. McMahon and Past Commander Jere I. Greene.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)
A special meeting of the Town Council was held Friday evening to consider the applications for liquor licenses. Licenses were granted to William Shaw & Son, Ernest Levesque, William H. Canling and Frank R. Tallman. Those rejected were Adam Krieder, Bernard Fagan and Henry Lafayette. Voted that the license fee be \$600.

Samuel Sackoff was granted a license to peddle dry goods and notions. The American Telephone & Telegraph Co. was granted permission to re-locate their poles on Freeborn street, the work to be done under the direction of William H. Tallman, surveyor.

The council voted to file a protest with the Newport & Providence Railway Co., against their action on its road between Newport and Bristol Ferry.

The following were chosen as committees on highways: Dist. No. 1, William Bone; 2, Thomas J. Sweet; 3, Frank C. Cory; 4, Henry F. Anthony.

The following were chosen as surveyors of highways: District No. 1, George Anthony, Jr.; 2, James Frederick Sherman; 3, William H. Tallman; 4, Charles H. Dyer.

The clerk was instructed to request the State Board of Public Roads to clear the two bridges at the foot of Sprague street.

Some bills were ordered paid.

Mrs. Eunice A. Greene has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. William Allen and family of Attleboro.

Miss Alice Chase, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Peckham, returned to her home in Boston on Sunday.

The annual meeting of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 9, Royal Arch Masons, was held in Eureka Hall, with a large attendance. The following officers were installed by R. E. Grand King Charles T. Glines, assisted by R. E. Grand Master of Third Veil, Howard R. Slade, acting as Grand Captain of the Host.

High Priest—Henry L. Davol.
King—Joseph R. Slinn.
Scribe—John H. Burrows.
Treasurer—Henry C. Anthony.
Secretary—William B. Anthony.
Captain of Host—Charles E. Thomas.
Principal Sojourner—James L. Livezey.

Royal Arch Captain—Frank J. Thomas.
Master of First Veil—Seth DeBlois.
Master of Second Veil—Robert W. Smithies.

Master of Third Veil—Herbert B. Ashley.
Chaplain—George D. Lewis.
Steward—James L. Livezey.
Sentinel—Herman F. Holman.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)
A special meeting of the Town Council was held in the Town Clerk's Office on Friday evening, the 29th ult. All the members were in attendance.

After a conference with representatives of the Hay State Street Railway Company, it was voted to grant the petition to extend the Company's line from the East Main Road, northerly through Forest avenue to the Tuck residence, in order to provide electric light and power.

At the meeting an ordinance was adopted, establishing rules and regulations, to more effectively insure public safety and convenience in the operation of cars on electric railways of Middletown. This ordinance was ordered published and copies printed for distribution.

DEATH OF MARTHA R. CHASE.—Martha R. Chase, the widow of John, who had lived alone during the past seventeen years, died alone in the early morning of last Saturday, the 27th ult. She was past eighty-six and quite feeble in body, but had managed to keep house and maintain her quiet and secluded mode of life during the past autumn. Only three days before her death she was attacked with a sickness, which rapidly reduced her strength and terminated in her death. Mrs. Chase had spent nearly all her eventful life, at the William Taggart homestead, on the West Main Road. The house is one of the oldest on the island and has the old style gambrel roof. It was formerly the property of her maternal grandfather, William Taggart, and for many years the home of his daughter Elizabeth, who for more than thirty years suffered from an incurable disease, which confined her to her bed. Mrs. Chase was the daughter of Thomas G. Rogers and Patience Taggart, and had a twin sister Sarah, who became the wife of Dr. Aretas A. Saunders, formerly a well known dentist of Newport, and three other sisters, Maria, Elizabeth and Amariah. All the sisters were married at comparatively early age, while Martha went to live with her aunt, Elizabeth Taggart, at the Taggart homestead and cared for her for more than thirty years. For many of these years the aunt and niece were the sole occupants of the house. The aunt, through all her sickness exhibited a patience, submission and piety of the most exalted type. The case was so rare and exceptional, as to become notable. To the bedside of Miss Taggart, was with pining sickness from morning until night there went ministers and missionaries of many of the Christian denominations, men of letters, women of culture and of leisure, to learn the lesson of gentleness in manner and meekness in spirit, taught by her precepts and enforced by her example. During all these years it was the privilege and duty of the niece, to attend and serve her aunt. In October, 1870, Martha Rogers was married to John Chase, but continued her ministrations to her aunt, who died in June, 1880.

Her husband died in February, 1888. Ever since Mrs. Chase has lived alone in her quaint country home and nothing would induce her to abandon her simple, quiet, unobtrusive mode of life, even in her last sickness refusing to accept the hospitality of the homes of her relatives repeatedly offered her. Hers was a quiet consistent life which in effect and gracious influence far exceeds the bustling, noisy, but inconsistent career.

At the Methodist Episcopal Church, the afternoon service on Sunday last was conducted by Rev. Marvin F. Stocking of Newport. The "Red and Blue Sunday School Membership Contest" stood Reds 65, Blues 61, the first gain made by the Reds. The Blues however are 28 in the lead. A meeting of the Sunday School Board was held at the close of the service and the following committees appointed for the annual Christmas program: entertainment, Miss Amy Barker and Miss M. May Ward; music, Miss Sadie I. Peckham; decorations, Mr. Fred P. Webber, Edward E. Peckham, Walter S. Barker, and E. Robert Grinnell; candy, Mrs. Ida M. Brown and Miss Sadie I. Peckham. The teachers were appointed to attend to the purchasing of gifts for the lower classes. On Sunday afternoon next, Chaplain Charlton of the Training Station will officiate. Rev. E. E. Wells continues to gain slowly and sat up a little this week. He is also able to take a little solid food. The annual Christmas sale of this church will be held in the church parlors on Tuesday next, December 7.

Under the auspices of the women's Christian Temperance Union, Miss E. Carol Hodge of Providence, state supt. of Scientific Temperance Instruction in the Public Schools, gave an instructive address on Monday evening upon "Child Welfare" illustrated with posters and charts, at the parlors of the M. E. church. Although the weather was most unfavorable there was an attendance of over 60. Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell, vice pres. of the Middletown Union, presided, conducting the opening devotional services. Mrs. Ida M. Brown and Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham sang. Refreshments were served. On Tuesday, in company Mrs. Peckham, of the School Committee, Miss Hodge visited the schools having the largest number of older children and gave a 15 minute talk upon the effect of alcohol and narcotics.

A most unfortunate accident happened Thanksgiving morning to William, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brigham, while out gunning in the swamp back of the Susan Anthony House, East Main Road, a branch caught the trigger and set off the shotgun which so badly mangled the right hand that but one finger could be saved. He was at once taken to the Newport Hospital by Dr. Conway, where he has since been. The hand is in quite a serious condition. The young man is 17 and had only recently secured a good position at the Torpedo Station.

The Women's Auxiliary of the churches of St. Mary's and the Holy Cross will hold its December meeting next Wednesday at Holy Cross Guild House. Rev. Mr. Phillips of St. Paul's Church, Newton, will speak upon his former work at Swansea, Tenn.

THE BATTLE-CRY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

AUTHOR of "The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS"

ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

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CHAPTER XXI.

Later she heard the story. The McBrirs had come expecting battle. They had found every road open and the town deserted. For a time they had gone about looking for trouble, but found no one to oppose them. Then Old Milt and his son had rid-



"Tell Every Man That Calls His Self a McBrier That the Haves Have Got Me In Their Damned Jailhouse!"

den to the courthouse to demand the keys of the jail. They found Judge Sidering sitting in the little office, and with him, quite unarmed and without escort, sat Bad Anse Haver. When the two McBriars, backed by a score of armed men, broke fiercely into the room, others massed at their backs, crowding doorway and hall.

Judge Sidering greeted his visitors as though no intimation had ever reached him that they were coming with a grievance.

"Come in, Milt, and have a chair," he invited.

"Cheer, hell!" shouted Milt McBrier. "Give me the keys ter that jailhouse, an' give 'em ter me quick!"

Opening the drawer of his desk as if he had been asked for a match, Judge Sidering took out the big iron key to the outer door and the smaller brass key to the little row of cells. He tossed the two across to Milt in a matter-of-fact fashion.

Five minutes later the McBrier chief was back trembling with rage. He had found the jail empty.

"If you're lookin' for Luke Thixton, Milt," said the judge calmly, "the sheriff took him to Louisville yesterday for safe-keepin'."

The answer was a bellow of rage. Old Milt McBrier threw forward his rifle.

Anse looked up and spoke slowly: "I reckon it wouldn't profit ye much to harm us, Milt. We ain't armed, an' it would bring on a heap of trouble."

Outside rose an angry chorus of voices. The news that the jail was empty had gone through the crowd. For a time the McBriars stood there debating his next step. The town seemed at his mercy. Seemed! That word gave him pause. The way home lay through Haver territory; which might mean twenty miles of solid ambush. Anse Haver sat too quietly for Milt's ease of mind. Was he baiting some fresh trap?

The old intriguer felt baffled and at sea. He had grown accustomed to weighing and calculating with guttural deliberation. He balked at swift and impulsive action. Moreover, if he debated long, he might not be able to control his men. He looked up—to see little Milt, who was fighting back the crowd at the door and locking them out. Beyond the panels could be heard loud swearing and the impatient shuffling of many feet.

"What shall we do, son?" inquired the older man of the younger. His voice had a note of appeal and breaking power.

When Young Milt had ridden out of Peril no feudist in the hills had borne a heart fuller of hatred and hunger for vengeance, but that was because of his father. Now his father was free. For Luke Thixton he had a profound contempt. He saw in the situation only a game of wits in which Anse Haver was winner.

"Well," he replied with a grin he could not repress, "it looks right smart ter me like that ain't nothin' to do but ride on back home an' try again next time."

That counsel in the end prevailed. Outside there had been a short, sharp struggle with a malicious spirit. These men had come for action and they did not want to ride back foiled, but the word of Old Milt had stood unchallenged too long to fall now. Yet he led back a grumbling following and bore a discounted power. They could not forget that a Haver had worsted him.

So the spirit of the men who had come to fight vented itself in the yell and the random shots to which there was no reply, and again a train of horsemen were on their way into the hills.

When it was all over and Juanita sat there in her empty school she was

realizing that, after all, the desperate moment had only been deferred and must come with absolute certainty. Christmas was only two days off and her gun-rack was empty. When she had come home there had not been a single weapon there.

There would be no Christmas tree now! The herbibbened packages lay in a useless pile. Had school been in session, she knew that the desks would have been as empty as the gun-rack. The whole turtillike life had drawn in its head and the countryside lay as though besieged.

On Anse Haver's book-shelves were new volumes, for Juanita was feeding his scant supply, and a softer type of poetry was being added to his frugal and stern repertoire. A number of men left the mountains and went into exile elsewhere. These were the witnesses who must testify against Luke Thixton and whose lives would not have been worth a nickel had they stayed at home.

Then came Christmas day itself, bleak and soggy with the thaw that had set in and the moody dreariness of the sky. The sun seemed to have despaired and made its course spiritlessly from dawn to twilight, crawling dimly across its daily arc.

Brother Anse Talbott came over to the school and found both women sitting apathetically by an untrimmed fir tree amid a litter of forgotten packages. The children of Tribulation were having the sort of Christmas they had always had—a day of terror and empty cheerlessness.

"Milt seems like a right smart pity for them children ter be plumb, tea-totally disappointed," mused the old preacher. "S'pose now ye put names on them gowgaws an' let me jest sorter ride round an' scatter 'em."

"You dear old saint!" cried Juanita, suddenly roused out of her apathy. "But you'll freeze to death an' get drowned in some ford."

"That's all right," the preacher answered briefly. "I reckon I kin go ther route."

It took Good Anse Talbott three days of battle with quicksand and mire to finish that mission. At each house he told them that Juanita Holland had sent him, and the girl was canonized afresh in hearts old and young, back in readiness coves and on bleak hillsides.

Every evening found Anse Haver seated before Juanita's hearth, studying the flicker of the firelight on her face. Every detail of her expression became to him as something he had always known and worshipped.

Some day Malcolm would come back—and marry her—and then—at that point, Bad Anse Haver refused to follow his trend of thought further. He only ground his teeth.

"Ye damn fool," he told himself. "That ain't no reason why ye shouldn't make the most of today. She's right here now, an' she's sun an' moon an' star shine and music an' sweetness."

She did not know, and he gave her no hint, that in these times, with plots and counterplots hatching on both sides of the ridge, he never made that journey in the night without inviting death. He was walking miles through black woodland trails each evening to relieve for an hour or two her loneliness and to worship with sealed lips and a rebellious heart.

On the night before he was to go to Peril to attend the trial of Luke Thixton he came with a very full and heavy heart. He knew that it might be a farewell. Tomorrow he must put to the test all his hold on his people and all his audacity of resolution. He stood at the verge of an Austerlitz or a Waterloo, and he had undertaken the thing for no reason except that it had pleased her to command it.

He knew that among his own followers there were smiles for the power which a "furrin" woman had come to wield over him, and if one failure marred his plans those smiles would become derisive. It was weakness to go on as he was going, gazing dumbly at her with boundless adoration he dared not voice. Tonight he would bluntly tell her that he was doing these things because he loved her; that, while he was glad to do them,



Christmas Was Only Two Days Off and Her Gun Rack Was Empty.

he could not let her go on misunderstanding his motives.

But when he reached the school she

rose to receive him, and he could see only the slimmest of her graceful figure and the smile of welcome on her lips, and the man who had never been recreant before to the mandate of resolution, became tongue-tied.

She held out a hand, which he took with more in his grip than the hand-clasp of friendship, but that she did not notice.

"Anse," she laughed, "I've had a letter from home today urging me to give up and come back. They don't realize how splendidly I am going to succeed, thanks to your help. I want you to go with me soon and mark some more trees for felling. It won't be long now before they can begin building again."

"I wonder," he said, looking at her with brows that were deeply drawn and eyes full of suffering. "If ye'll ever have time to stop talkin' about the school for a little spell an' remember that I'm a human bein'."

"Remember that you're a human being?" she questioned in perplexity. She stood there with one hand on the back of her chair, her face puzzled. He decided at once that this expression was the most beautiful she had ever worn, and he sturdily held that conviction until her eyes changed to laughter, when he forswore his allegiance to the first fascination for the second.

"Are you sure you are a human being?" she tensed. "When you wear that sulky face you are only half human. I ought to make you stand in the corner until you can be cheerful."

"I reckon," he said a little blithely, "if ye ordered me to stand in the corner I'd just about do it. I reckon that's about how much manhood I've got left."

But he laughed, too, in the next moment.

The morning of the trial dawned on a town prepared to face a bloody day. Long before train-time crowds had drifted down to the station.

As though by common consent, the McBriars stood on one side of the track and the Haves on the other.

For an hour they massed there, lowering of face, yet quietly waiting. Then the whistle shrieked across the river and each crowd moved a little forward, hands tightened on rifles, awaiting the supreme moment. The deputy sheriffs came out of the depot and stood waiting between the two groups with a strained assumption of unconcern. But when the train arrived it carried an extra coach, and at sight of it the McBriars groaned and knew once more they were defeated.

They had come to wrest a prisoner from a sheriff's posse and encountered trained soldiery. Behind the opened sashes of the coach they saw a solid mass of blue overcoats and brown service-hats. Every window bristled with rifle-barrels and fixed bayonets. Then, while the train was held beyond its usual brief stop, and while those rifle-barrels were trained impartially on Haves and McBriars, a line of soldiers began pouring out into the roadbed and forming cordons along each side of the track. Both lines moved slowly but unwaveringly forward, pressing back the crowds before their urgent bayonets.

Two wicked-looking galling guns were unloaded from the baggage car, and, tending them as men might handle beloved pets, came squads whose capes were faced with artillery red.

Shortly a compact little procession in column of fours with the galling guns at its front and a hollow square at its center, was marching briskly to the courthouse. In the hollow square went the defendant, handcuffed to the sheriff. Without delay or confusion the galling guns were put in place, one commanding the courthouse square and one casting its many-eyed glance up the hillside at the back.

Then, with the bayonets of sentries crossed at the doors, the bell in the cupola rang while Judge Sidering walked calmly into the building and instructed the sheriff to open court.

His honor had directed that every man save officials who sought admission should be disarmed at the door. Luke Thixton bent forward in his chair and growled into the ear of Old Milt McBrier, who sat at his left.

"I've got as much chance as a fish on a hilltop. Ain't ye goin' ter do nothin' fer me?"—and Milt looked about helplessly and swore under his breath.

One onlooker there had not been searched. Young Jeb bore the credentials of a special deputy sheriff, and under his coat was a holster with its flap unbuttoned. While the panel was being selected, while lawyers wrangled and witnesses testified, while the court gazed off with half-closed eyes, roosting only to overrule or sustain a motion, young Jeb sat with his arms on the table, and never did his eyes leave the face of the accused.

It was a very expeditious trial. Judge Sidering glanced at the faces of Old Milt and young Jeb, and had no desire to prolong the agony of those hours. The defense half-heartedly relied upon the old device of a false alibi, which the state promptly punctured. Even the lawyers seemed in haste to be through, and set a limit on their arguments.

At the end his honor read brief instructions, and the panel was locked in its room. Then the McBriars drew a little closer around the chair where Old Milt waited, and the militia captain strengthened his guard outside and began unostentatiously sprinkling uniformed men through the dingy courtroom until the hodgepodge throng was flecked with blue.

At length there came a rap on the door of the juryroom, and instantly the low drone of voices fell to a hush. His honor poured a glass of water from the chipped pitcher at his elbow, while Luke Thixton and Milt McBrier, for all their immobility of feature, braced themselves. Like some restless animal of many legs, the rough throng along the courtroom benches scraped its feet on the floor.

Young Jeb shifted his chair a little so that the figure of the defendant might be in an uninterrupted line of vision. His right hand quietly slipped under his coat, and his fingers loosened—reason in its holster and

nursed the trigger.

Then, with a dragging of shoe-leather, the twelve "good men and true" shambled to a semicircle before the bench, gazing stolidly and blankly at the rows of battered law books which served his honor as a background.

"Here they stood awkwardly in the gaze of all. Judge Sidering glanced into the beaming countenance of their foreman and inquired in that bored voice which seems a judicial affectation even in questions of life and death: "Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

The foreman nodded. The sheet of paper, which he passed to the clerk, had been signed by more than one juror with a cross because he could not write.

"We, the jury," read the clerk in a clear voice, "find the defendant, Luke Thixton, guilty as charged in the indictment—" There, although he had not yet reached the end, he indulged in a dramatic pause, then read on the more important clause in the terms of the Kentucky law which leaves the placing of the penalty in the hands of the juror—"and fix his punishment at death."

As though relieved from a great pressure, young Job McNash withdrew his hand from his holster and settled back in his chair with fixed muscles. Judge Sidering's formal question broke in on the dead quiet, "So say you all, gentlemen?" and twelve slaty heads nodded wordless affirmation.

Soldiers filed in from the rear. In less than thirty seconds the prisoner had disappeared. Outside the galling guns remained in place, and the troops patrolled the streets.

For two days the McBriars stayed in town, but the troops lingered longer, and in that time Luke had again been taken back to Louisville.

Once more Old Milt led back a disgruntled faction with no more spirited a program than to go home and bide its time again. When they brought Luke back to hang him, his friends would have one final chance.

A seeming of quiet, under which hot wrath smoldered, settled over hill and cove, but a new note began to run through the cabins of the McBrier dependents. It was a note of waning faith and loyalty for their chief.

Old Milt read the signs and felt that his dominion was now a thing upon which decay had set its seal, and under his grave face he masked a breaking heart. His star was setting, and since he was no longer young and utterly incapable of bending, he sickened slowly through the wet winter, and men spoke of him as an invalid.

With Milt "allin'" there was no one to take up the reins of clan government, and those elements that had been held together only by his iron dominance began drifting asunder.

One mill day when a group of McBriars met with their sacks of grist at a water-mill, someone put the question: "Who's a goin' ter go down ther an' take Luke Thixton away from ther Haves now that Old Milt's down an' out?"

There was a long silence, and at last a voice drawled: "Hilt ain't a goin' ter be me. What's Luke Thixton ter me, anyhow? He didn't never lend me no money."

"I reckon that's a heap o' sense in that," answered another. "Pears like, when I come ter recollect, most of ther fightin' an' fursin' I've done in my time ain't been in my own quarrels nohow." And slowly that spirit spread.

When Anse Haver went over to the school one day Juanita took him again to the rifle-rack, now once more well filled. "Have a look, my lord barbarian," she laughed. "Mars is paying me tribute. So shall it ever be with tyranny."

Slowly, and one by one, Anse Haver took up the pieces and examined them.

"It ain't only Mars that's paying ye tribute," he thought, but he only said: "That's all right. I seem to see more McBriars guns there than Haves guns. It would suit me all right if ye got the last one of 'em."

"Hain't you as well hang yours there, too?" she teased. "I'm still willing to give you the honors of war."

But he only smiled. "I'll hang mine up last of all, I reckon. Luke Thixton ain't hung yet, and there's other clouds a brewin' besides that."

"What clouds?" she asked. "There was a bunch of surveyors through here lately," he replied slowly. "They just sort of looked round and went away. Some day they'll come back."

"And then?"

Anse Haver shrugged his shoulders. "I may need my gun," he said.

Not until it became certain that he must die did Old Milt send for his son, or even permit him to be told of his illness. But just as the winter's siege was ending Young Milt came home, and two days later the mountains heard that the old feudist was dead.

Brother Anse Talbott and Juanita and a doctor who had come from Lexington were witnesses to that leave-taking. They saw the old man beckon feebly to the boy. Young Milt came and sat on the edge of the bed, schooling his features as he waited the final injunctions which, by his code, would be mandatory for life.

They all waited to hear the old lion break out in a final burst of vindictiveness, to see him lay upon his boy's young shoulders the unfinished ordeals of his hatreds. But it was the eye of the father, not the feudist, that gazed up from the pillow. His wasted fingers lay affectionately on his son's knee and his voice was gentle.

"Son," said the old man, "I'd love ter hev ye live at peace of ye kin. I've done tried ther other way an' it's kill me. I'd rather ye'd let my fight be buried along with my body. Anse Haver's goin' ter run things in these mountings. He's a smarter man than me. I couldn't never make no peace with Anse Haver, but the things that's always stood betwixt us lays a long way back. Mebby you an' him might pull together an' end ther feud. I leaves that with you; but hit took death ter make me see hit."

Here he broke off exhaustedly, and for a time seemed fighting for breath. At last he added: "I've knowed all

along that Luke killed Fletch stone-mason. I thought I'd ought ter tell ye."

A week after the death of the old leader Young Milt rode over to the house of Anse Haver, and there he found Job McNash. The two young men looked at each other without expression. Just after the death of his father Jeb would not willingly have



His Honor Had Directed That Every Man—Save Officials—Should Be Disarmed at the Door.

renowned their quarrel, and as for Young Milt, he no longer felt resentment.

"Anse," said the heir to McBrier leadership, "I rid over here ter offer ye my hand. I've done found out that Luke is as guilty as hell. I didn't believe hit afore. So fur as I'm concerned, he kin hang, an' I'm goin' ter tell every McBrier man that will harken ter me ther same thing. So fur as I'm concerned," went on the lad, "I'm against the shootin' of any man from the la'rel."

Just as the earliest flowers began to peep out with shy faces in the woods, and the first softness came to the air, men began rearing a scaffold in the courthouse yard at Peril.

One day a train brought Luke Thixton back to the hills, but this time only a few soldiers came with him, and they were not needed. Juanita tried to forget the significance of that Friday, but she could not, for all the larger boys were absent from school, and all day Thursday the road had been sprinkled with horses and wagons. She knew with a shudder that they were going to town to see the hanging. A gruesome fascination of interest attached to so unheard of an event as a McBrier clansman dying on a Haver scaffold with his people standing by idle.

But Luke Thixton, going to his death there among enemies, went without flinching, and his snarling lips even twisted a bit derisively when he mounted the scaffold, as they had twisted when he declined Good Anse Talbott's ministrations in the jail.

Since he must die among enemies, he would give them no weakness over which to gloat in memory. He raised his head, and his snarl turned slowly and unpleasantly into a grin of contempt, and his last words were a picturesque curse called down alike on the heads of the foes who put him to death and on the false friends who had failed him.

Afterward Young Milt and Bad Anse shook hands, and the younger man said to the older:

"Now that I've proved to ye that I meant what I said, I reckon we can make a peace that'll endure a spell, can't we?"

And Anse answered: "Milt, I've been hopin' we could ever since the day we watched for the feller that aimed to burn down the school."

CHAPTER XXII.

That spring new buildings went up at the school and brave rows of flowers appeared in the garden.

At first her college had been a kindergarten in effect, but now as Juanita stood on the porch at recess she wondered if any other schoolmistress had ever drawn about her such a strange assortment of pupils. There were little tots in bright calico, glorying in big bows of cotton hair-ribbon—but submitting grudgingly to the combing of the hair they sought to adorn. There were larger boys and girls, too, and even a half-dozen men just now pitching horseshoes and smoking pipes—and they also were learning to read and write.

In the afternoon women rode in on mules and horses or came on foot, and Juanita taught them not only letters and figures, but lessons looking to cleaner and more healthful cabins. May came with smiles and songs in the sky from sunrise to sunset, and in the woods, where the moisture rose and tender greens were sending out their hopeful shoots, the wild flowers unfolded themselves. Then Juanita Holland and Anse Haver would go together up to the ridge and watch the great awakening across the brown and gray humps of the hills, and under their feet was a carpet of glowing petals.

Anse Haver had never had such a companionship, and hidden things began to waken in him.

So when she stood there, with the spring breeze caressing the curling tendrils at her temples, and blowing her gingham skirt about her slim ankles, and pointed off, smiling, to his house, he dropped his head in mock shame.

"Only the castle moodily gloomed to itself apart," she quoted in accusation, and the man laughed boyishly. "I reckon ye haven't seen the castle lately," he said. "Ye wouldn't hardly know it. It's gettin' all cleaned up an' made civilized. The eagle's nest is turnin' into a sure-enough bird cage."

"Who's changing now?" she banted. "Am I civilizing you or—are you preparing to get married?"

His face flushed and then became almost surly.

"I've knowed all

"I've knowed all" he savagely demanded.

"I'm sure I don't know," she teased. "Whom have you asked?"

He bent a little forward and said slowly:

"Once ye told me I was wasting my youth. Ye 'lowed I ought to be captain of my soul. If I found a woman that I wanted and she wouldn't have me—what ought I to do about it?"

"There are two courses prescribed in all the correspondence schools, and both are perfectly simple," she announced with mock gravity. "One is simply to take the lady first and ask her afterward. The other is even easier; get another girl."

"Oh," he said. He was hurt because she had either not seen or had pretended not to see his meaning. She had not grasped the presumptuous dream and effrontery of his heart.

His voice for a moment became enigmatical as he added: "Sometimes I think ye've played hell in those mountains."

That spring silent forces were at work in the hills; as silent and less beneficent than the stirring sap and the broiling of showers.

Three men in the mountains were now fully convinced that what the world needs the world will have, and they were trying to find a solution to the question which might make their own people sharers in the gain, instead of victims. These three were Anse and Milt and Jeb, and their first step was the effort to hold landowners in check, and make them slow to sell and guarded in their bargaining.

Jim Fletcher, a mountain man who had for years drifted between Tribulation and Winchester trading in cattle and timber, made a journey through the hills that spring, and was everywhere received as "home folks." For him there were no bars of distrust, and he was able for that reason to buy land right and left. Though he had paid for it at a price above the average, it was a price far below the value of the coal and timber it contained—and Jim had picked his land.

Anse Haver and his associates knew that Jim Fletcher had been subsidized; that the money he spent so lavishly, was not his own money; and that he came as a stalking-horse, but they did not know that he had been to Louisville and had conferred there with Mr. Trevor. Neither did they know at once that he had visited the cabins of every malcontent among both the former factions, and that he was a mischief-maker adroitly laying here in the hills the foundations for a new feud.

Jim had a bland tongue and a persuasive manner, and he talked to the mountain men in their own speech, but he was none the less the advance agent of the new enemy from down below; the personal fulfillment of Juanita's prophecy to Roger MacClim.

Juanita did not realize how much she was leaning on the strength of Anse Haver, how she depended on

him for counsel and encouragement, which he gave not in behalf of the school, but because he was the school teacher's slave. She saw the little hospital rise on the hill and thought of what it would do, and she believed that Anse Haver must be, in his heart, covered, even though his mountain obstinacy would not let him say so.

Then, while the hillsides were joyous with spring, came a squad of lads with transit and chain, who began running a tentative line through the land that Jim Fletcher had bought. Anse Haver watched them grimly, with folded arms, but said no word until they reached the boundary of his own place.

There he met them at the border. "Boys," he said, "ye musn't cross that fence. This is my land, an' I for-bids ye."

Their foreman argued. "We only want to take the measurements necessary to complete our line, Mr. Haver. We won't work any injury."

Anse shook his head. "Come in, boys, an' eat with me an' make yourselves at home," he told them, "but leave your tools outside."

Men from the house patrolled the boundary with rifles and the young men were forced to turn back.

But later they drew near the house of old Bob McGreggor, and he, stealing down to the place in the thicket of rhododendron, saw them peeringly near the trickling stream which even then bore on its surface little kernels of yellow corn. Deeply and violently old Bob swore as he drank from his little blue keg, and when one day he saw them again he asked counsel of no man. He went down and crept close through the laurel, and when his old rifle spoke a schoolboy from the Blue Grass fell dead among the rocks of the water course.

After that death, the first murder of an innocent outsider, the war which Anse Haver had so long foreseen broke furiously and brought the orders of upland and lowland to the grip of bitter animosity.

Old McGreggor's victim had been young Roy Calvin, the son of Judge Calvin of Lexington, and the name of Calvin in central Kentucky was one associated with the state's best traditions.

It had run in a strong, bright thread through the pattern of Kentucky's achievements, and when news of the wanton assassination came home, the state awoke to a shock of horror. The infamy of the hills was screamed in echo to the mourning, and the name of Bad Anse Haver was once more printed in large type.

The men whose capital sought to wrest profit from the hills, and whose employees had been slain, were quick to take advantage of this hue and cry of calamity.

They hurried themselves into the fight for galling possession of coveted land and were not particular as to methods.

Jim Fletcher came and went constantly between the lowlands and highlands. He was all things to all men, and in the hills he cursed the lowlander, but in the lowland he cursed the hills. Milt and Jeb and Anse rode constantly from cabin to cabin in their efforts to circumvent

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

HAND IN HAND.

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Middleton and Portsmouth—6.55, 9.10, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 6.55, 7.15, 8.05 p. m.
Providence—6.55, 8.15, 9.10, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 6.55, 7.15, 8.05 p. m.
Plymouth—11.05 a. m., 3.05 p. m.
New Bedford—6.55, 8.15, 9.10, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 6.55, 7.15, 8.05 p. m.
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Time Enough to Begin.
"You may laugh, but I can truthfully say that my wife and I have not had a single disagreement since we were married."
"That's a good deal for any married couple to say. When were you married?"
"Yesterday."—Baltimore American.

He Liked It All.
Johnnie, aged five, liked to go to his grandma's to dinner. One day one of his aunts said to "Am, Johnnie, I think the only reason why you like to eat here is because of the dessert you are sure to get."
"Oh, no!" said Johnnie. "I like the dinner too."

The Jail.
"I am going to visit the jail. There is a man I want to see there."
"Is one all? I know about forty whom I should like to see there."—Indianapolis News.

Not Present.
He—Do you remember Horatius at the bridge? She—I don't think I ever met him. You know we invite so few men.—Judge.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE BATTLE CRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

THE BATTLE CRY OF THE MOUNTAIN JUDAS who had sold his soul to the lowland syndicate.

Fletcher sought a foothold for capital to pierce fields acquired at the price of undeveloped land and then to take the profit of development. Ance sought to hold title until the sales could be on a firmer basis, and so the issue was made up.

Capitalists, like Malcolm, who sat in directors' rooms launching a legitimate enterprise, had no actual knowledge of the instrumentalities being employed on the real battlefield. Lawyers tried condemnation suits with indifferent success, and then reached out their hands for a new weapon.

Back in the old days, when Kentucky was not a state but a county, land patents had been granted by Virginia to men who had never claimed their property. For two hundred years other men who settled as pioneers had held undisturbed possession, they and their children's children. Now into the courts piled multitudinous suits of eviction in the names of plaintiffs whose eyes had never seen the broken skyline of the Cumberland. Their purpose was deceit, since it sought to drag through long and costly litigation pauper landholders and to impose such a galling burden upon their property as should drive them to terms of surrender.

Men and women who owned, or thought they owned, a log shack and a tilting cornfield found themselves facing a new and bewildering crisis.

Their untaught minds recoiled and they talked violently of holding by title of rifle what their fathers had wrested from nature, what they had tended with sweat and endless toil.

But Anse Haver and Milt McBriar knew that the day was at hand when the rifle would no longer serve. They employed lawyers fitted to meet those other lawyers and give them battle in the courts, and these lawyers were paid by Anse Haver and Milt McBriar.

The two stood stanchly together as a buffer between their almost helpless people and the encroaching tentacles of the new octopus, while Juanita, looking on at the forming of the battlelines, was torn with anxiety.

In Dad Anse Haver the combination of interests recognized its really most formidable foe. In the mountain phrase, he must be "man-powered out" on their way. And there were still men in the hills who, if other means failed, would sell the service of their "rifle-guns" for money.

With such as these it became the care of certain supernumeraries to establish an understanding. In the last election a thing had happened which had not for many years before happened in Kentucky—a change of parties had swept from power in Frankfort the administration which owed loyalty to Haver influences.

Bad Anse Haver was indicted as an accessory to the murder of young Calvin and he would be tried, not in Peril, but in the Blue Grass. The prosecution would be able to show that he had warned the surveyors off his own place and had picked the fence line with rifleman. They would be able to show that he was the forefront of the fight against innovation and that lesser mountain men followed his counsel blindly and regarded his word as law. But, more than that, the jurors who passed on his question of life and death would be drawn from a community which knew him only by his newspaper-made reputation.

So it was not long before Anse Haver lay in a cell in the Winchester jail. He had been denied bond and fronted a dreary prospect.

When the trial of Anse Haver began there was one spirit in the land. Here was an exponent of the unjustifiable system of murder from ambush. In the cemetery at Lexington, where sleep the founders of the western empire, lay a boy whose life had just begun in all the blossom and sunshine of promise—and who had done no wrong.

The special term of the court had brought to Winchester a throng of farmer folk and onlookers. Their horses stood hitched at the racks about the square when the sheriff led Anse Haver from the jail to the old building where he was to face his accusers and the judges who sat on the bench and in the jury box.

He took his seat with his counsel at his elbow and listened to the preliminary formalities of impaneling a jury. His face told nothing, but as may after man was excused because he had formed an opinion, he read little that was hopeful in the outlook.

He calmly heard perjured witnesses from his own country testify that he had approached them, offering bribes

for the killing of young Calvin which they had righteously refused. He knew that these men had been bought by Jim Fletcher and that they swore for the hire of syndicate money, but he only waited patiently for the defense to open.

He saw the scowl on the faces in the jury box deepen into conviction as witness after witness took the stand against him, and he saw the faces in the body of the room mirror that scowl.

Then the prosecution rested, and as a few of its perjuries were punctured, the faces in the box lightened their scowl a little—but very little. The tide had set against him, and he knew it. Unless one of those strangely psychological things should occur which sweep juries suddenly from their moorings of fixed opinion, he must be the sacrifice to Blue Grass wrath, and on the list of witnesses under the hand of his attorney there were only a few names left—pitifully few.

Then Anse Haver saw his chief counsel set his jaw, as he had a trick of setting it when he faced a forlorn hope, and throw the list of names aside as something worthless. As the lawyer spoke Anse Haver's face for the first time lost its immobility and showed amazement. He bent forward, wondering if his ears had not tricked him. His attorneys had not consulted him as to this step.

"Mr. Sheriff," commanded the lawyer for the defense, "call Miss Juanita Holland to the stand."

(To Be Continued)

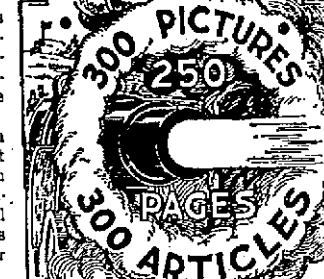
His Hope.

On a hot afternoon a San Francisco attorney made a hurried effort to get a car. The day and the effort had made him uncomfortably warm, and he missed his object, but not a minister whom he knew.

"This is hotter than hades," said the lawyer thoughtlessly, mopping his brow.

The minister looked directly into his eyes and replied earnestly, "I hope so."—Argonaut.

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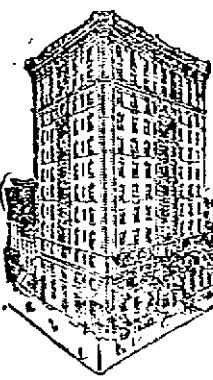
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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Saturday, December 4, 1915.

December, the last month of 1915, is here. Soon we shall be trying to write 1916.

All the fool jokes about the Ford cars helped to sell more cars, but will the great European peace expedition have the same effect?

The newspapers speak of Henry Ford as the man who put the motor automobile. It is very certain that he put the motor into automobiles.

Congress resumes business at the old island next week. We may expect to hear some fervid oratory about preparedness as well as on other topics of general interest.

President Wilson Tuesday completed his message to Congress. He made the final changes early on Tuesday, but did not send the manuscript to the public printer, as he wished to read it to the Cabinet at the regular meeting.

The campaign in Russia is said to be greatly handicapped by snow. It must be a pleasant prospect for the contending forces to look forward to the long winter months in the trenches of Russia. The Russians are better prepared for this endurance test than are the Germans.

It looks as though Greece would soon be dragged into the war whether or no. All that has prevented her from entering the contest on the side of the Allies is the influence of the Queen, who is a sister of the Kaiser. Emperor William is a long-headed gentleman and has an anchor to windward all over the world.

It is generally believed that the Rhode Island Legislature is preparing to do business as soon as the session opens in January. There is no new organization to delay the immediate beginning of business, as the General Assembly now lasts for two years. It is doubtful if any really radical legislation will be passed at the coming session.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has declared unconstitutional the law passed by the legislature of that State providing that baggage men, laborers, crossing tenders and the like employed at railroad stations should not be employed for more than nine out of ten hours. The court holds the statute an unwarranted interference with personal and property rights.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has denied the application of trunk line railroads for a rehearing of the commission's order under the Panama canal act, which divorced the railroads of the steamship connections. Railroads involved are Pennsylvania, Northern Central, New York Central, Erie, Rutland, Grand Trunk, Lehigh Valley and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western.

Billy Sunday says Henry Ford has "about as much chance of obtaining concessions from any of the belligerent nations as an unrepentant sinner has of getting into heaven. England will not concede a cotton chop or a shilling; France won't release a franc or an article; Russia won't give up a kopeck; Austria not a goulash; Italy not a spaghetti; or Germany a wienerwurst or a pretzel, so what are you going to do about it? We are up a tree."

Rhode Island is having altogether too many murder cases. If conditions continue, the agitation for a resumption of the death penalty will be renewed. Some time ago, there was a strong influence at work before the General Assembly to provide electrocution as a penalty for murder, and while it did not make much progress at that time, the advocates of the change will have a strong talking point if the crimes of violence continue at their present rate.

The Kaiser called upon the Austrian emperor a few days ago, and now the world is wondering what they found to talk about besides the weather. There are many rumors as to the reason for the visit, and few critics are ready to ascribe it to a mere social call by one monarch upon another. Some think that William told Francis Joseph that he must not talk about peace as yet. This may be true, or any other good guesser can take a try at a solution of the problem.

Will the Democratic members of Congress surrender their pork barrel campaign for the sake of national preparedness? It is evident that those members of the party who would like to hold the treasury for the benefit of their local communities will have no aid from the President. On the other hand will they aid him to carry out his constantly changing policy? A year ago, Mr. Wilson was against preparation for the national defense. To-day that is the one idea that he has in mind.

If the next General Assembly gives to Newport the extra representative to which we are entitled under the last State census, the city should be divided into six wards to conform to the new district lines. As the Mayor is at present practically a member of the board of aldermen, it makes a board of six members in which a deadlock is easy. With six aldermen and the Mayor, a board of seven would be created, in which a deadlock would be practically impossible, and this would facilitate the city's business.

A Bad Record.

The Democratic record for economy for the last two years is one that cannot be looked upon with any complacency by any thoughtful and well-meaning Democrat. The party charges the Republicans and their allies as being the direct cause of high living, but the Wilson administration reduced the cost one iota in any direction? If it has we have failed to discover it. The Baltimore Convention berated the Republicans among other things for the lavish appropriations of the previous administration. Delegates cheered till their hands were sore when the following was read by the vice chairman of the Platform Committee at Baltimore: "We denounce the profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican congresses, which have kept taxes high and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toil. We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a democratic government and a reduction in the number of useless offices, the salaries of which drain the substance of the people."

This was then included among those "pledges to be kept in office" and was not set out "as molasses to catch flies." But the first Democratic Congress to meet appropriated, in round figures, \$2,281,000,000, which was \$118,000,000 more than its predecessor, which had a Democratic House, and \$177,000,000 more than the last Republican Congress. This was in face of the almost frenzied protests of Chairman Fitzgerald of the House Committee on Appropriations, who told his colleagues that they were making a mockery of everything Democrats had ever said about economy. Even a warning in the annual report of the secretary of the treasury was ignored. Fifteen appropriation bills failed to pass in the second session, those for the preceding year being continued by resolution. Heavy deficiency bills are expected to add to the outlay.

Not only should memory of their pledge cause the Democrats to plan a budget to keep down appropriations, but the plight of the treasury, with a smaller available balance than has been known since Buchanan's time, should awaken their concern. In spite of an income tax, a corporation tax without exemptions, the tariff and the "war tax," treasury receipts cannot keep up with disbursements.

Another pledge was made with great gusto, and that was the single term pledge for the President. That pledge has been forgotten and ignored and now their principal stock in trade is the present incumbent. There is no thought of replacing him with a new Presidential candidate and so another plank in the platform goes among the rotten timber.

John Clarke Memorial Church.

(From an Ancient Paper.)

An attempt by the church of Boston to introduce their authority in Newport was made in 1639 by sending three of their brethren with letters to Mr. Coddington and the rest of their former brethren, then settled in Newport, to give an account to their Church for what it deemed an unwarrantable practice of their Newport members, in communicating with ex-communicated persons.

On their coming to Newport they found that those who dwelled there had formed an independent church, and refused to hear the messengers of the Boston Church, or to receive their letters; a report of all of which was made to the church in Boston on the 16th of March, 1639-40.

About this time, Rev. Robert Lenthall, of Weymouth, was invited to come to Newport and open a school, the town granting him as an inducement 100 acres of land for a farm, and house lot of four acres. They also granted him the use of 100 acres more, so long as he should teach school in the town. There is no evidence that Mr. Lenthall had the special care of the church, but as a man of learning he, like Mr. Clarke, would be likely to take an active part in religious labors. Mr. Lenthall stayed in Newport about one year; after his leaving, the church went on as before. (Robert Lenthall was the first public school teacher in this country.)

Nicholas Easton used to teach at Newport, and with some others maintained that "man had no power or will of himself, but as he was acted by God; and seeing that God filled all things, nothing could be, or move, but by Him, and so must needs be the author of sin; and that a Christian is united to the essence of God."

Being shown what blasphemous consequences would follow therefrom, they seemed to abhor the consequences, but still defended the position. Mr. Coddington and some others joined with Mr. Nicholas Easton in those delusions; but their minister Mr. Clarke, Mr. Lenthall and Mr. Harding, and some others, dissented and publicly opposed them, whereby it grew to such a heat of contention that it made an schism among them.

Out of this discordant element, Mr. John Clarke and his male friends, Mark Luther, Nathaniel West, William Vaughn, Thomas Clarke, Joseph Clarke, John Peckham, John Thurndon, William Wheeden, and Samuel Hubbard, formed the First Baptist Church in Rhode Island.

William Coddington, Nicholas Easton, and his two sons, and several others joined the Quakers, who arrived on the Island of Aquidneck in 1656.

One Hundred Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of December 2, 1915.)

We stated in our paper of the 18th ult. that this squadron would winter in our harbor, and it was then so understood by the officers of the squadron, and they were making their arrangements accordingly. But from some unaccountable whim or caprice, a different disposition has been made, and a part of the squadron, consisting of the brig Sarnac, Flamboro, Fidelity, Boxer, Spark, and Enterprise, and the schooners Torch and Spitfire, have sailed for New York; and the Independence 74, Macedonian, Congress, brig Chipmaw and schooner Lynx were ordered to Boston. The Independence and Congress sailed yesterday morning; the Macedonian, the brig Chipmaw, and the schooner Lynx will depart in the course of a day or so.

We have heard that among the reasons assigned for this extraordinary step was the novel one that the harbor of Newport (hitherto considered by most naval men of judgment as one of the best man-of-war harbors in the world) was too much exposed to wind and tide for safety to ships of war. The squadron could doubtless have been supplied at this port with provisions &c., as cheap as they will be at New York or Boston, and in point of safety no harbor in America is to be compared with the Harbor of Newport.

Fifty Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of December 2, 1833.)

THE PORTSMOUTH COAL MINES.

We noticed a few weeks since the reported appointment of General Couch to have the supervision of the Portsmouth Coal Mines, but we have not noticed anything further in regard to the matter; but when we consider the value of the mines and to what extent they can be worked it permits of scarcely a doubt but that the report was correct. Mr. Charles T. Jackson was in 1830 directed by the General Assembly to survey this State, and he gave as his opinion that in that section of Portsmouth there were three different kinds of coal, and the bed varied from seven and a half to twelve feet in thickness, which would produce about forty million tons. For many years after the mines were opened, it was found impossible to make the coal burn and the answer of one person in New York to whom it was sent was that when this world was destroyed by fire the Portsmouth coal mines would be the safest place of resort. But the trouble was not in the coal but in the furnace used at that time; for now the demand is greater than the production. We know of persons in this city who now use it with other coals in modern stoves, and find no trouble in making it burn, and realize a greater amount of heat than when burning the Pennsylvania coal alone.

THE FENCE AROUND THE MALL.

For several months the subject of removing the fence around the Mall has been discussed by the citizens and the city council. We have from the first favored its removal, for the reason that it is at present an unsightly enclosure and a constant object of expense, and to replace it by an iron fence would be to incur an expense that would not be concurred in by the people. In olden days when cattle were allowed to roam at large, there was a necessity of a fence to protect the grass and trees, but under our present laws there is no want of such a protection. When it was proposed to remove the fence around Touro Park great objections were raised, and it was accomplished only by the determination of a few individuals, but at the present time were it proposed to put a fence around that park the sentiments of two-thirds of the citizens would be against it. A few persons oppose the removal of the Mall fence, and only a few, and their grounds of objection are not very strong, in fact the only objection we have heard was that the Mall was lower than the sidewalk and it would be necessary to fill it up to a level, at a cost of a thousand dollars, if the fence was removed. But we cannot see the point why it should require filling up without, any more than with the fence. But if it should be deemed best to fill it up, it can be done, as the street commissioner has a supply of dirt, and the expense would be very small. We hope it will be removed and given to the poor for fuel.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. EDITOR: In your last number you ask, "What has become of the project to extend Bellevue avenue to Bateman's point?" Until within a year General Hazard has been named as the only obstacle in the way of a marine drive of some six miles in extent.

It was said, "If General Hazard will give the right of way for a road through his land, not less than fifty feet in width, nothing more will be required from him, and the road will be built."

I learn that General Hazard lodged papers a year since, giving the City of Newport eighty feet for a road through his land, after making a survey at his own expense.

This is correct, and where now is the difficulty in its construction? Mr. Smith does not answer our question of last week and probably will not, as appearances indicate that he would not be benefited by its being built, and he does not work disinterestedly.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of December 6, 1900.)

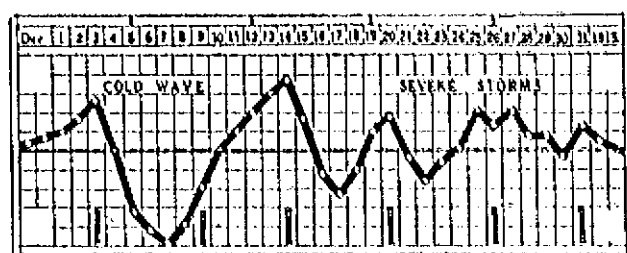
A BUSINESS CHANGE.

The business at Lako's Corner, Broadway, heretofore carried on by Mr. C. E. Ellis of New Bedford, as the "Newport Cash Store," has passed into the hands of Mr. Charles H. Wing, who has always been in charge of the business as Mr. Ellis' manager, and Mr. Samuel S. Thompson, who served his apprenticeship several years ago in what was then one of the principal grocery stores on Broadway, and the new firm will be Wing & Thompson. Both men are young, both have had experience with the Newport trade, and both mean business, so that anybody looking for a chance to place their patronage where it will be appreciated should give them a call. Mr. Wing needs no introduction, and our Island friends who used to make their in-town headquarters at the late John D. Dennis' store will find an old and much esteemed acquaintance in Mr. Thompson.

THE CALVERT SCHOOL.

The Calvert School on Cranston street was formally dedicated on Tuesday afternoon, and the handsome flag presented by Colonel A. C. Landers,

WEATHER BULLETIN.



Copyright 1915 by W. T. Foster.

December temperatures will average lower than usual. Lowest temperatures during the week centering on December 7 and highest during the week centering on December 14. Storms will not be severe and not much probability of earthquakes. Precipitation much the same as for October. Most severe storms during week centering on December 25. Generally good weather for picking cotton and gathering corn.

Treble line represents seasonable normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departures from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 20, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 20, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 2, 1915.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Dec. 7 to 11, warm wave 6 to 10, cool wave 9 to 13. This storm will come during the coldest part of December and will bring much warmer weather. Temperatures will start upward not far from Dec. 7 and will continue to go upward with some variations till about Dec. 14. Not much precipitation from Dec. 7 to 14 and the storm will not be very severe.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Dec. 11, cross Pacific slope by close of 12, central valleys 13 to 16, eastern sections 16. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 11, central valleys 13, eastern sections 15. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 14, central valleys 16, eastern sections 18.

Not far from Dec. 10, one of two events is expected. An earthquake or the storm will greatly increase in force. At that time two storms will be on the continent; one nearing the Pacific coast and the other nearing the Atlantic coast. It will be interesting to watch these events.

December seems to have weather events reversed. About Dec. 4 the coldest part of the month will be near. Ordinarily we would look for still colder weather last of December but the records do not suggest that program. The Christmas holidays promise warm weather in the far west about December 24, in central valleys 25 and in eastern sections 25 with no very cold weather in sight. But severe storms

was thrown to the breeze. The exercises took place in the large hall in the third story of the building, and included addresses by Mayor Coggeshall, Postmaster Fay, late superintendent of the Newport schools, Alderman Higbee, chairman of the city council committee under whose direction the building was erected, and Hon. Thomas B. Stockwell, commissioner of public schools of the State. Hon. John H. Cozzens, chairman of the Newport school board, presided, and he also made brief but appropriate remarks at the opening, as did Superintendent of Schools Baker at the closing.

THE REYNOLDS LINE.

Newport's confidence in schooners as a means of investment seems to have in no way been shaken by the recent accident to the Howard Smith, and no less than five vessels are to be added to the Reynolds Line of this port within the next six months. The Young Brothers, the latest acquisition to this line, spent a few days this week in our harbor where she was visited and admired by hosts of people.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our regular correspondent.)

Mrs. Mary (Springer) Coggeshall wife of William Thomas Coggeshall of Greene's Lane, who a week ago, went to the Newport Hospital for treatment, died Saturday night it having been thought that her case had not been attended to soon enough, as there were complications. A woman of only 40 and much beloved by her family her early death is greatly regretted by all who knew her. Mrs. Coggeshall was born in Tiverton May 4, 1875, and was one of a large family, many of whom survive her. She was one of the elder children of George Henry and Frances (Cottrell) Springer.

She leaves a husband, and two children, Mrs. Lester Sisson (Susie) of Newport, and Thomas Coggeshall who has resided at home. Her married life had been spent at the Coggeshall home on Greene's Lane. Funeral services of a simple nature were held at her former home on Tuesday afternoon, the attendance being unusually large. Rev. Everett Smith officiated, and also conducted the funeral service at the grave, the burial being private. The body was laid in a gray broadcloth casket completely covered with chrysanthemums and ferns. The burial was in the Coggeshall plot at the Middletown cemetery, and the bearers were four brothers-in-law of the deceased, from Bristol and Providence, Messrs. Frederick A. Sisson, John J. McManis, Herman C. Farr, and William F. West. The flowers were especially beautiful and there was a great profusion of them.

Rev. Arthur N. Pease officiated at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Advent Sunday, Rev. John B. Diman preaching at the Morristown School for Boys in New Jersey.

144 jars of jellies and preserves were forwarded last week by Mrs. Alfred Hazard to St. Mary's Orphanage Providence. Mrs. Hazard has collected this gift for a number of years, and will be able to send a second box later.

Both chicken pox and measles, have appeared at Chasserville, and at the Paradise district since Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Helen DeBois returned Sunday from a six weeks visit at the California Exposition, and the National Grange party, Messrs. Ashton and Alden Barker, Edward E. Peckham, State Master, Joseph A. Peckham & wife, his

are expected during most of the holidays; winter storms with some snow north and some rain south but not much of either except in a few small sections.

Next year will bring the greatest storms of recent years. January will begin with moderate storms. Feb. 8 will bring one set of moderate storms, March 10 another, April 8 a more severe storm period, April 22 storms of less force. May, usually a quiet month will largely increase the number and force of the storms particularly near 10 and 20. June has one severe storm date about 23.

A great storm period is set for July and it will be immensely dangerous. Nothing equal to the July 1910 storms has occurred for 1915. The date should be remembered. Full details will be given later. August will be quiet except one moderate storm near 20. September will bring three severe storms the greatest of which will be near 4. Dangerous storms near Oct. 18. November and December will be about an average of the year with most severe storms near Nov. 6 and December 28.

We are constantly at work improving our forecast system and no one can afford to be without our forecasts. For 1915 we hope to make forecasts that will win their way to recognition as vastly the most useful weather forecasts ever made. The subject is of great extent and has presented immense difficulties but we have constantly advanced in knowledge, sometimes not as rapidly as we could wish, but recently our progress has been very satisfactory.

Miss Eliza M. Peckham, and Mrs. C. Louise Perry, returned late Wednesday evening.

The annual Election of the officers of Aquidneck Grange will take place at the town hall next Thursday evening and will be followed by a chowder supper.

Holy Cross Guild held a two days Christmas sale at the Guild House Wednesday & Thursday which was well attended. A chowder supper was served the first evening and ice cream & cake the second day.

The Middletown Free Library has once more been generously remembered by Dr. N. G. Stanton of Newport in the form of 3 handsomely bound volumes of "Representative Men and Old Families of Rhode Island," which were given this week.

Better Business in R. I.

War orders and general business improvement have banished unemployment from Providence. Machine shops screw and tool factories have 11,375 more men at work than a year ago. Jewelry factories in Attleboro, Mass., are 69 percent busier than this time last year. In Oineville, mills are employing 2530 more hands on full time than a year ago, and 1000 are working day and night. In the Blackstone valley 7035 hands are employed in cotton mills and the bleacheries and dye works are running 100 per cent better than a year ago.

The Police census shows that New York city now has 5,257,885 inhabitants, or 244,778 more than reported by the census taken by the state last summer.

Deaths.

In this city, 5th ult., John Hoogson. In this city, 5th ult., Mary M., wife of William T. Coggeshall, to her last rest. In this city, 5th ult., Catherine, widow of John Smith, to her last rest. In this city, 5th ult., James G., widow of Samuel H. Goff. In this city, 5th ult., William, daughter of Michael J., and the late William M. Martin. In Middletown, N. Y., 22th ult., John R. Percoll, of this city. In Georgetown, S. C., Dec. 1, James C. Coggeshall.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, DECEMBER, 1915

STANDARD TIME									
	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri
1st	6 50	4 14	4 27	5 06	5 22	6 50	4 14	4 27	5 06
2nd	6 57	4 11	4 33	5 13	5 29	6 57	4 11	4 33	5 13
3rd	6 54	4 8	4 30	5 10	5 26	6 54	4 8	4 30	5 10
4th	7 01	4 5	4 37	5 17	5 33	7 01	4 5	4 37	5 17
5th	7 08	4 2	4 44	5 24	5 40	7 08	4 2	4 44	5 24
6th	7 15	3 59	4 51	5 31	5 47	7 15	3 59	4 51	5 31
7th	7 22	3 56	4 58	5 38	5 54	7 22	3 56	4 58	5 38
8th	7 29	3 53	5 05	5 45	6 01	7 29	3 53	5 05	5 45
9th	7 36	3 50	5 12	5 52	6 08	7 36	3 50	5 12	5 52
10th	7 43	3 47	5 19	5 59	6 15	7 43	3 47	5 19	5 59
11th	7 50	3 44	5 26	6 06	6 22	7 50	3 44	5 26	6 06
12th	7 57	3 41	5 33	6 13	6 29	7 57	3 41	5 33	6 13
13th	8 04	3 38	5 40	6 20	6 36	8 04	3 38	5 40	6 20
14th	8 11	3 35	5 47	6 27	6 43	8 11	3 35	5 47	6 27
15th	8 18	3 32	5 54	6 34	6 50	8 18	3 32	5 54	6 34
16th	8 25	3 29	6 01	6 41	6 57	8 25	3 29	6 01	6 41
17th	8 32	3 26	6 08	6 48	7 04	8 32	3 26	6 08	6 48
18th	8 39	3 23	6 15	6 55	7 11	8 39	3 23	6 15	6 55
19th	8 46	3 20	6 22	7 02	7 18	8 46	3 20	6 22	7 02
20th	8 53	3 17	6 29	7 09	7 25	8 53	3 17	6 29	7 09
21st	9 00	3 14	6 36	7 16	7 32	9 00	3 14	6 36	7 16
22nd	9 07	3 11	6 43	7 23	7 39	9 07	3 11	6 43	7 23
23rd	9 14	3 8	6 50	7 30	7 46	9 14	3 8	6 50	7 30
24th	9 21	3 5	6 57	7 37	7 53	9 21	3 5	6 57	7 37
25th	9 28	3 2	7 04	7 44	8 00	9 28	3 2	7 04	7 44
26th	9 35	3 59	7 11	7 51	8 07	9 35	3 59	7 11	7 51
27th	9 42	3 56	7 18	7 58	8 14	9 42	3 56	7 18	7 58
28th	9 49	3 53	7 25	8 05	8 21	9 49	3 53	7 25	8 05
29th	9 56	3 50	7 32	8 12	8 28	9 56	3 50	7 32	8 12
30th	10 03	3 47	7 39	8 19	8 35	10 03	3 47	7 39	8 19
31st	10 10	3 44	7 46	8 26	8 42	10 10	3 44	7 46	8 26

New Moon Dec. 5 1.40m. E. Rising
Moon's 1st gr. Dec. 15 8.31m. Morelax
Full Moon Dec. 21 7.55m. Morning
Moon's 1st gr. Dec. 29 7.55m. Morning

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for their selves or friends regarding tenements, houses, farms and unimproved land, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

112 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established to test the value of a Commission of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public. Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villages and Country places.

FIVE CANDIDATES

BRITAIN IGNORES COURT PROCEDURE

Seizure of Steamer at Halifax to Be Sharply Protested

Washington, Dec. 3.—Official announcement that the American steamship locking had been requisitioned by the British government without the formality of prize court proceedings was received by the state department in a dispatch from Consul General Young at Halifax, where the ship has been detained since she was seized by a British warship while on the way from New York to Norfolk.

This procedure will be vigorously protested by the United States government as being illegal and in violation of recognized rights under international law.

Officials of the department, who had been more or less skeptical regarding unofficial reports of the intentions of Great Britain, expressed amazement when they learned that the steamer actually had been requisitioned. The United States, it is said, will demand that the ship be returned in prize court for trial on the charge that she is partly German owned, and that the prize court act promptly in the case.

FAVORED BY "YOUNG BUCKS"

Clark Says Roosevelt Will Be Presidential Candidate in 1916

Washington, Dec. 3.—That Theodore Roosevelt will with the Republican nomination for the presidency is predicted by Speaker Champ Clark, who has just reached Washington for the work of the session. The speaker says that during his recent speaking tour he purposely put a statement about Roosevelt in his speeches to test sentiment.

"His name always brought a response in the way of cheers, when the name of no other member of his party would accomplish that result," said Clark.

"The young bucks of the Republican party are for Roosevelt everywhere," the speaker reports. "The presidential primary system will give him a great advantage."

ABSOLUTE PROHIBITION

"Kick" Is Taken Out of Minicement and Other Foods in Colorado

Denver, Dec. 3.—The prohibition law was interpreted from its various angles by Governor Carlson and Attorney General Farrar at a conference with representatives of the wholesale and retail liquor trades.

It was decreed that the dry law forbids the manufacture for sale of minicement, plum pudding, brandied peaches, Italian camaroons and other desserts in which intoxicating liquors may be an ingredient.

The question as to whether there can be such a thing as an "intoxicating food" was not definitely determined, but the ban was placed on the sale of liquor in any form for use in foods.

PRIEST DECLARED INSANE

Was Charged With Assault With Intent to Kill Minnesota Bishop

Winona, Minn., Dec. 3.—Fr. Louis M. Lesches was insane when he shot and seriously wounded Bishop Patrick H. Heffron of the Winona diocese, a jury in district court here decided, acquitting the priest of the charge of assault with intent to kill, for which he had been on trial two days. Lesches will be committed to an asylum.

Heffron was shot twice while celebrating mass. It was brought out at the time that Lesches had been refused a parish by the bishop.

FREED ON PAROLE

Walker, Who Stole \$565,000 From Connecticut Bank, Leaves Prison

Hartford, Dec. 2.—William F. Walker, former treasurer of the Savings Bank of New Britain, who was sentenced to state prison for embezzlement of about \$565,000 of the bank's funds, was paroled by the board of pardons.

Walker was sentenced July 25, 1908, to from one to twenty years. He has served seven years, four months and seven days and earned seventeen months' commutation by good behavior.

WATSON JURY DISAGREES

Federal Court Orders Mistrial In Case of Georgia Editor

Augusta, Ga., Dec. 2.—A mistrial was ordered in the federal court here in the case of Thomas E. Watson, the Thompson, Ga., editor and author, charged with having sent obscene matter through the mails. The jury, which had the case before it since Tuesday afternoon, reported it could not agree.

Indian Army Surrenders

Nogales, Ariz., Dec. 2.—General Urbalejo, Villa's Yaqui Indian chief, with his entire command of 1000 men, surrendered to Carranza army officers at Corbo, 200 miles south of here.

Population of New York City

New York, Dec. 1.—New York city now has 5,257,895 inhabitants. The figures were made public as the result of a recent census.

Grain Elevators Establish Record

Buffalo, Dec. 3.—Up to Nov. 30 local elevators handled 161,491,000 bushels of grain, surpassing all former years by about 4,000,000 bushels.

Stork Visits Empress of Japan

Tokio, Dec. 3.—Empress Sadako of Japan gave birth to a boy. This is the fourth son of the Emperor and Empress of Japan.

ITALY'S ACTION CHEERS ALLIES

Will Not Undertake to Conclude Separate Peace

WILL SEND ARMY TO BALKANS

Preparing to Give Aid to Serbians. Whose Position Is Almost Hopeless.—Unconfirmed Rumors Concerning Russians—Little News From Other Fronts—Peace Talk in London

London, Dec. 3.—Italy, through her foreign minister, Baron Sonnino, announced her adhesion to the treaty of London, whereby the allied powers undertake not to conclude a separate peace, and at the same time has declared her intention of sending help to the Serbian army in the Balkans.

This news, it is believed here, will go far toward clearing the situation, especially in Greece, where negotiations are still proceeding between King Constantine, his cabinet and the ministers of the quadruple entente.

These negotiations have been protracted owing to Greece's unwillingness to allow the allies free use of the railways and the right to police Greek waters against submarines.

They are not yet completed, but the latest advices indicate that they are likely to end in satisfaction to the entente powers, the assurance that Italy, as well as Great Britain, France and Russia, is to give military support to the Serbians in their efforts to regain their lost territory making the case for Greek assistance stronger.

Otherwise the situation in the Balkans remains unchanged. The Serbians still hold Monastir, but their position is almost hopeless, as the Bulgarians have cut communications between that city and the Greek frontier, and the Serbian troops still there must, like the army of the north, retreat into Albania, when the pressure becomes too strong.

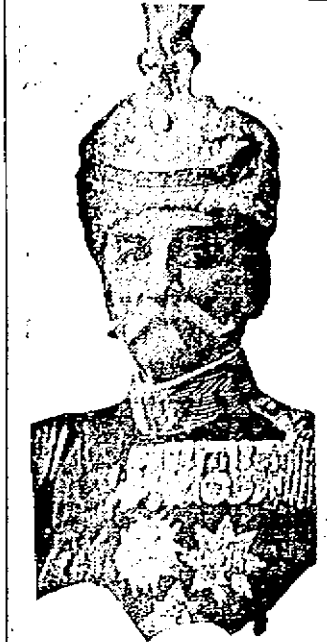


Photo by American Press Association. KING PETER OF SERBIA

King Peter of Serbia fled on horseback from Prisrend the day before the Bulgars captured the town, according to a Sofia telegram. Where he is bound the Bulgars do not know.

There is a report that the Russians have crossed the Roumanian border and are marching toward that country to Bulgaria. This, however, lacks confirmation, and such a movement is hardly likely to occur unless Roumania gave her permission, which would be tantamount to joining the allies.

Another report credits the Russians with diverting their Bessarabian army toward Galicia, where a big offensive is to be undertaken. This, likewise, is unconfirmed.

On the other fronts, Italian, French and Russian artillery bombardments are the order of the day. The British, Belgian and French guns have been particularly active, as have the armies in Flanders, and the German positions have been given a rather severe battering. British monitors took part in these operations, suggesting that this may be the point where the next offensive will be undertaken.

There is still a good deal of talk in the neutral press about peace, based on reports from Germany of the activity of the Socialists and from Austria on dissatisfaction there with alleged German attempts to take control of the internal administration, as has been the case in military affairs.

It is considered significant that all the new Austrian ministers are men with German leanings, which is thought to mean that the German party has been successful.

Elizabeth Flynn Acquitted

Patterson, N. J., Dec. 1.—Elizabeth G. Flynn, a labor leader, was found not guilty of a charge of "inciting to personal assault" in the silk mill strike in Patterson in February, 1913. The jury was out one hour and seven minutes.

Austria Honors Emperor

Vienna, Dec. 3.—The anniversary of the accession of Emperor Francis Joseph to the throne was celebrated throughout the Austro-Hungarian monarchy with solemn services in the churches and patriotic meetings for the benefit of relief funds.

STEAMER MEN VIOLATED LAWS

Buenaz and Three Others Convicted by Federal Jury

SUPPLIED GERMAN WARSHIPS

Jury Takes but One Ballot After More Than Seven Hours of Discussion.—United States Supreme Court Will Probably Have Case to Consider After Appeal to Court of Appeals

New York, Dec. 3.—Three high officials and a subordinate officer of the Hamburg-American line were found guilty last night in the federal district court of having violated the laws of the United States in sending coal and other supplies to German cruisers in the south Atlantic in the first few months of the European war. The jury returned a verdict of guilty on each of the two indictments.

The specific charge against the defendants was conspiracy to deceive and defraud the United States. The maximum penalty for each indictment is two years' imprisonment and \$10,000 fine.

In reaching its decision, the jury is reported to have taken but one ballot and this after several hours of discussion of the evidence in minute detail. The jury was given the case at 2:40 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Its foreman, George W. Palmer, announced the verdict at 10:10 o'clock last night.

An appeal, it seems certain, will be made to the federal court of appeals and, in case the verdict is upheld, to the supreme court of the United States. In the meantime, the defendants probably will remain at liberty under \$5000 bail each, as it is the present intention of the government not to ask that the bond be increased.

The four defendants affected by the verdict are Karl Buenaz, managing director of the Hamburg-American line in New York city, former German consul general here and former German minister to Mexico; George Kotler, general superintendent of the line; Adolph Hochmeister, general purchasing agent, and Joseph Popplhaus, a former officer in the German navy, at present a second officer in the Hamburg-American line.

A fifth defendant, Felix Seifner, supercargo on one of the neutral steamers sent to supply the German fleet, was not brought to trial. He was captured by the British while on his errand of relief and is at the present time a prisoner in a Canadian detention camp.

AUSTRIA ASKS MORE TIME

Seeking Further Details Concerning Sinking of Steamer Ancona

Washington, Dec. 1.—The Austro-Hungarian government has informed Ambassador Penfield at Vienna that it desires more time to compile a formal statement regarding the sinking of the Italian steamship Ancona.

Advices to the state department say the Austrian government encountered difficulties in obtaining a statement from the commander of the submarine.

The statement of the Austrian government will contain answers to inquiries regarding the circumstances of the disaster which Penfield submitted upon instructions of Secretary Lansing.

OF THREE-TOED VARIETY

Professor Uncovers Remains of Prehistoric Horses in California

Berkeley, Cal., Dec. 3.—Remains of six new species of prehistoric horses from the Miocene and Pliocene periods have been discovered in California by Professor Merriam of the department of paleontology of the University of California.

The specimens are of the three-toed variety and are said by Merriam to be valuable contributions to the history of the horse.

WATER A REAL LUXURY

Sells at a Dollar a Barrel in Newly Established Alaskan Town

Seward, Alaska, Dec. 3.—As a result of cold weather, water is selling at \$1 a barrel at Anchorage, the new town established by the government as construction headquarters for the Alaskan railroad. If purchased by the bucket, the price is 15 cents, or two buckets for a quarter.

Pending the completion of the water system, which the government engineers hope to have working within two weeks, all water for domestic purposes is taken from holes chopped in the ice.

Carnegie Swears Off Taxes

New York, Dec. 1.—Andrew Carnegie has sworn off the entire personal assessment of \$5,000,000 made upon his property by the tax board. President Percy of the tax board refused to give out details.

Three Steamers Sunk

London, Dec. 3.—Two more British steamers, the Colenso and the Orange Prince, have been sunk, presumably by German submarines. The Greek steamer Zorfas has been sunk. Her crew was landed at Malta.

King Able to Leave Palace

London, Dec. 2.—For the first time since his return to England after his accident in France, King George left the palace and visited Queen Mother Alexandra on the occasion of her birthday.

EXPLOSION OF BLACK POWDER

Instantly Kills Thirty-One Men and Fatally Injures Six

NOT DUE TO OUTSIDE AGENCY

Not Enough Left of Twenty-Six Victims For Identification—Nothing but Big Hole Left in Ground Where Packing House Stood—Cause of Explosion a Mystery

Wilmington, Del., Dec. 1.—Thirty-one workmen were killed and six fatally injured in a terrific explosion of about four tons of black powder at the Upper Hagley yard of the Du Pont Powder company.

The cause of the explosion is not known. According to a statement issued by the company, the origin "will probably always remain a mystery."

Nevertheless a most searching investigation has been instituted by the officials of the company, and every employee who was near the destroyed building will be put through a thorough examination in the hope that some clue as to the cause may be learned.

There was the usual rumor, that some outside agency might have caused the explosion, but Du Pont officials said there was not a shred of evidence upon which to hang any theory.

The explosion occurred in a packing house where black powder pellets are prepared for shipment. These pellets are used for rifles and other purposes, much of the powder, if not all, being shipped to the warring nations.

The packing house was situated in a valley along the historic Brandywine creek and was one of a large group of small buildings, which make up the Upper Hagley plant of the Du Pont company about three miles northwest of the city.

It was 1:30 o'clock when a slight explosion was heard in the neighborhood, followed by another one, a trifle heavier, which was quickly succeeded by a terrific blast that not only rocked the whole valley but shook and startled Wilmington. Workmen ran from every building and shook in the wide area which the company's plant covers.

A great column of smoke rose from the spot where the packing house stood, and when the cloud disappeared there was only a big hole left in the ground.

Workmen who survived the tremendous blast said the scene was one of horror. Twenty-six men were in the packing house when the powder went off, and not enough of any of them was left for identification, with the exception of Allan A. Thaxter, the foreman, whose home is in Portland, Me.

Four of the thirty men killed were blown to pieces while at work outside the packing house.

The men who were injured were outside the plant. They were struck by bits of machinery, flying boards, rocks and other debris, and all were badly mutilated. One or two had eyes blown out and several lost an arm or leg. Physicians stated they were so badly injured that not one of them is expected to survive.

Charlton J. Wollaston, a pioneer in submarine telegraphy, died at London.

Violet Asquith, daughter of the British prime minister, and Maurice B. Carter, the premier's secretary, were married at London.

Mrs. Mary A. Butcher, 54, of Melrose, Mass., fell downstairs, sustaining a fractured skull, from which she died.

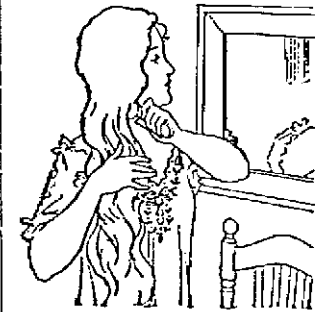
Edward W. Hazewell, for many years an editor of the Boston Transcript, died at Boston. He was born at Concord, Mass., in 1853.

More than half the town of Avalon, on Santa Catalina island, was destroyed by fire. The loss may reach \$1,000,000.

Permission to have suffrage leaders address the national house from the speaker's rostrum is being sought by the Congressional union.

More than 8000 British soldiers, wounded at Gallipoli, are convalescing at Palermo.

Why Not Rely On Cuticura



To Care for Your Hair and Scalp

The Soap to cleanse and purify. The Ointment to soothe and heal.

Samples Free by Mail

Order Soap and Ointment and everything you need for the hair and scalp. Write for free sample of Cuticura, Dept. 127, Boston.

MANY A MAN

In Good Circumstances

puts off saving a portion of his income until his days are well spent, and his earning capacity decreases. It is expedient to save now and deposit in the bank each week a portion of your income.

We will be pleased to receive your account, and will allow you a liberal rate of interest on your deposits.

4 per cent. Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY,

Office with Newport Trust Company.

No. 1561. REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF The National Exchange Bank.		
At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, November 10, 1915.		
RESOURCES.		
Loans and Discounts		\$9,747.47
Overdrafts, unsecured		128.21
U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000.00	
Total U. S. bonds		100,000.00
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks)		100,000.00
Owned unpledged		
Total bonds, securities, etc.	150,000.00	\$100,000.00
Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve Bank	5,000.00	
Less amount unpaid	4,970.00	
Banking House		4,000.00
Other Real Estate owned		25,000.00
Due from Federal Reserve Bank		3,700.00
Due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	12,501.67	
Due from banks and bankers in other Reserve Cities	29,234.11	12,501.67
Exchanges for Clearing House		3,151.28
Outside Checks and other Cash Items		8,401.33
Fractional Currency	1,110.96	
Notes of other National Banks	514.97	1,451.93
CASH ON HAND AND IN BANK, VIZ:		9,790.00
Total cash and securities		41,231.59
Reserve fund with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent. on circulation)		5,000.00
TOTAL		\$500,000.00
LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid in		\$100,000.00
Surplus fund		65,000.00
Undivided Profits		
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	29,471.87	
Circulation Notes	7,981.02	21,518.85
Due to Banks and Bankers (other than above)		30,000.00
Dividends unpaid	57,197.17	
Indiv. deposit subject to check		25.00
Certificates of deposit due in less than 90 days	482,227.47	
Certified checks	85,000.00	
	111.11	5,000.00
TOTAL		\$500,000.00

Winter Vacations in the

White Highlands

Of New England

Invigorating snow and ice sports; the thrilling mile-long scoll on bob-sled or toboggan; snow-shoeing or skiing; skating, hockey, curling, ice-boating, on mountain lakes.

For booklet "An Outdoor Enthusiast" write to Advertising Department, New Haven.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND,

County of Newport, ss.:
I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of November, 1915.

Correct Attest:
GEO. H. PROUD, Cashier.
PAUCKER BRAMAN, Notary Public

EDWARD S. PECKHAM,
EDWARD A. BROWN,
WILLIAM K. HARVEY, } Directors.

Chafing Dishes

With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the cooking.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

SEE CALIFORNIA FREE

FULL PARTICULARS FOR 4 CLIPS IN STAMPS WRITE FOR FOLDER #124

CALIFORNIA BUILDING COMPANY CALIFORNIA

DANCING ORDERS

Our Specialty

Are you planning a dance? You want FINE DANCING ORDERS. That's where we live.

VISIT US AND BE CONVINCED

Best Prices

PAID FOR

Old Engravings

Wiseman's Art Store,

112 Bellevue Avenue.

"Rafferty," said Mr. Dolan, "you know of those people that never know when they're whipped?" "I am not. But I take nobody's word for it except the doctors' after L. come to."—Washington Star.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

Story of the Green Crystal Vase of the Ruins of Cesarea.

Few places are more absolutely cities of the past than Cesarea. Some one has spoken of the remains of its ancient glory as the "ruins of ruins." The medieval town which was twice rebuilt by the crusaders covered scarcely a tenth of the area occupied by the city as St. Paul knew it, and the ruins that we see today are chiefly the relics of the medieval city, which was itself built out of the ruins of the ancient city.

What a rich quarry Cesarea has been for other city builders is shown by the fact that, though it has been drawn upon for all these centuries for marble and granite and sandstone, it is not yet absolutely exhausted, but still affords building material for the peasants of the vicinity.

The green crystal vase which was found here when Baldwin I, the great crusader, captured the city at the beginning of the twelfth century, says the Christian Herald, gave rise to the story of the Holy Grail, which has inspired so many legends and poems, for Baldwin and his followers believed that it was the one that was used at the last supper by our Lord, when he gave his disciples the cup of wine and said: "Drink ye all of it. This do in remembrance of me."

SEX ATTRACTION.

It is the Controlling Force In About Every Human Effort.

We cannot escape from the fact that sex attraction is the great event in human life. Sex is the controlling force in nearly all of human efforts. War, for instance, is only an exaggerated form of the sex instinct. Neither literature nor art would exist in any appreciable degree without sex. Men work, fight, sing, paint, live and die for the love of woman.

In only one field of human activity is there no taint of sex feeling, and that is science. Science is cold and dispassionate. It has imagination, but the imagination of the explorer and not the lover. Science has only one aim and end—the discovery of truth. Science is another world from the hot earth of economic and military competition, which have for their ends the attainment of love and marriage.

Through science mankind will gradually throw off some of the sex slavery and reach a new and possibly happier stage in its development.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The Story of a Long Name.

A northern man who was visiting in Baltimore stopped on the street one day to have his shoes polished. A bright-eyed little black boy stepped forward to give the desired shine. Becoming interested in the little chap, the northerner asked his name, to which the boy promptly replied: "Gen, sah."

After a few moments of silence the northerner continued, "I suppose that is an abbreviation for General." The word "abbreviation" gave the little fellow pause. However, he was equal to the occasion and recovered himself. "No, sah," he said; "tain't 'actly dat. Ma shore 'nough name am Geness xxx, 33. So Shall My Righteousness Answer for Me in Time to Come Washington Carter, but dey jest calls me Gen for short."—Youth's Companion.

Antiquity of the Hog.

The two most important and most intimately associated products of Indians are corn and hogs. The Chinese claim to have bred and domesticated the hog 4,000 years before the Christian era. The ancient Egyptians knew the hog, and this animal is depicted on their monuments. The use of the meat of the hog was prohibited by the Jews, and it was considered that in hot countries it produced skin diseases. The Moslems under Mohammedan law are also prohibited from using pork. The hog was unknown in America until introduced from Europe by the early navigators. In the South American forests are great droves of wild hogs, the descendants of hogs brought over by the Spaniards.—Chicago Journal.

A Match For Him.

A cockney angler, thinking his highland boatman was not treating him with the respect due to his station, expostulated thus:

"Look here, my good man, you don't seem to grasp who I am. Do you know that my family has been entitled to bear arms for the last 200 years?"

"Hoots; that's nothing!" was the reply. "My ancestors have been entitled to bare legs for the last 200 years."—London Mirror.

Had to Cater to All.

"I don't like the way this hotel is run!" cried a peevish young traveling salesman.

"Neither do I," replied the landlord of Pruntytown tavern, "but I've got to entertain all the fools that come along as well as the sensible people."—Judge.

Either Way.

Silence—I can't decide which one of those two girls I want to marry. Cynthia—Well, marry either one of them and you'll discover that you got the wrong one.—Philadelphia Record.

All a Risk.

"It's a case of love at first sight." "Well, maybe it will work out all right. I took four years to select my husband, and look what I got!"—The Free Press.

Realize that doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Not Used to It.

Alice—I'm learning to paint on china. Grace—Don't you find it hard to become accustomed to such a hard surface?—Indianapolis Star.

Prosperity tries the heart with keener temptations, for hardships may be endured, whereas we are spoiled by success.—Tacitus.

POSTOFFICE POINT.

There is No Mail Station Located on This Arctic Ice Pack.

Almost due north of Bering strait is a point in the solid north pack that always extends much farther south than the pack at the eastward or at the westward. This point is naturally variable, according to the heat of the summer and the severity of the previous winter, but it does not move more than a few degrees. For fifty or seventy-five years this point of ice has been spoken of by the arctic whalers as "Postoffice point."

This does not mean that there is a postoffice there, but the significance of the name is because the whaling fleets usually are divided, some ships going considerably east of Postoffice point and others west of it. Ships that have been east of it cruise along the edge of the pack and very frequently meet ships that have been to the west of it, and the meeting point for some reason has always been in the neighborhood of Postoffice point. It was here therefore that the ships used to meet, after being separated for many weeks, and exchange news and gossip.

The solid north pack comes pretty close to Point Barrow and extends in an irregular line from Point Barrow to Postoffice point. Much of this ice "looks as though it has been there from the year 1," as one of the whaling captains has expressed it. Being in mind the fact that Postoffice point is always to be found in approximately the same latitude and longitude, it seems as though there must of necessity be land back of it, although of course there is a possibility that there may be a very solid pack of ice instead of land, held in place by comparatively shallow water.—New York Times.

THE UBIQUITOUS TURKEY.

He Has Spread All Over the World Despite His Raring Ways.

In every corner of the globe almost, at least where civilization has spread its epicurean taste, may be found the domesticated turkey—not, however, of his own volition. Never would he, in his wild state, have sought to cross the stormy seas to find green fields and pastures new.

He is not so constructed. He is not bold or adventurous of disposition. On the contrary, he is timid and much afraid of things he does not understand and when undisturbed is prone to let well enough alone and get along with his accustomed feeding grounds.

Again, as a flier the turkey is not a pronounced success. He does ponderously, almost painfully and with great effort and only when very much frightened. His flight can be sustained for only a short distance, but what the wild turkey lacks as an aviator he fully makes up as a sprinter.

He can outrun a race horse, especially in his own native forest, where undergrowth and bushes seem but to add to his speed. But he could not have flown over the ocean even if he had had that unnatural desire.

He was taken over by the hand of man, first to Spain, then to other Mediterranean countries, to northern Europe, to the far east, until now he is well nigh omnipresent. And this spreading out of his kind even unto the ends of the earth is all due to the entrancing qualities his meat takes on when properly baked or roasted.—New York Herald.

The Vampire Bat.

The true vampire bat is a quite insignificant creature, not unlike our noctule bat in general appearance and size, but with a small "nose leaf" and no web between the hind legs. The really remarkable thing about it is its perfect adaptation for secret and painless bloodsucking. Most bats have teeth very like those of the carnivora, with long canines and small incisors, but in the true bloodsucking vampire bat the incisors are very large and broad and exceedingly sharp edged, thus being able to inflict a sharp surface cut which causes no pain, but a great deal of bleeding. Indeed, not only does the sleeper very rarely wake under the winged bloodsucker's attentions, but a bite may be inflicted without on a person who is awake at the time.—London Graphic.

Fairly Warned.

"What's the value of that trunk?" inquired the baggage man.

"You mean my wife's trunk over there?" asked the man, who was smoking a Pittsburgh stogie in a gold mounted meerschaum holder.

"Yes."

"Well, my private opinion is that the whole outfit ain't worth \$4. But if you had ever seen my wife get really riled you wouldn't lose it for a million."—Washington Star.

Consider the Trees.

The trees are lovely in summer; so are the women. But how different are the women and the trees as to their clothes! To be sure, both are delightfully clothed, yet, with the abundant raiment with which the trees are supplied, they require but one trunk to hold it all.—Smart Set.

A Queer Lack.

"Wouldn't you like to visit the great desert?"

"Indeed I would, but I haven't got the sand."—Exchange.

Usually the Way.

Mamie—She is trying to keep her marriage a secret.

Maud—How do you know?

"She told me so."

Fallacies are but the pillars of success.—Old Proverb.

He Needed It.

The Aviator—I've been five months completing and learning to control my machine. The Aviator—And what have you got for it? The Aviator—Embarrassment.—London Telegraph.

Successful minds work like a grain of salt in a single point.—Bovee.

WHISTLER'S BREAKFASTS.

They Were Famous Functions When the Artist Was In Funds.

An invitation to one of Mr. Whistler's "breakfasts" was prized by many persons almost as much as a royal command, more by some. Mr. Whistler brought together about his dining, long, narrow breakfast table in its long, narrow room with pale yellow washed walls a symposium of those persons in London most noted for wit or endowed with rare original talent of some kind. Sprinkled here and there for the sake, no doubt, of half tones were others whose chief qualification was the power of chastened and judicious appreciation.

These symposiums were held by Whistler in his splendid studio, 33 Tite street, at present the studio of Sargent. Whistler did not steadily occupy that place, which a depleted treasury sometimes caused him to forsake temporarily. According to the widely known story, when the belliffs came in to dispossess him for debt he pressed them into service as extra men to help serve one of his famous breakfasts, after which he would retire to a low, rambling workshop up an alleyway off the Fulham road. There in solitary quiet he would bring forth another masterpiece to startle the world and furnish him with the means of re-entering beautiful Tite street and taking up the thread of his more princely existence.—Princess Lazarovich-Hrebellanovich (Princess Caliburn) in Century Magazine.

CREMATION IN INDIA.

The Brahman's Funeral Pyre and the Ceremony of Burning.

After the body of a Brahman has been anointed with sesamum oil the big toes are bound together and the two thumbs. It is then lashed to a litter made of two long parallel poles, to which are fastened seven transverse pieces of wood. The shroud is very simple, a large piece of cloth wrapped round the body and bound with ropes of straw. If the dead Brahman leaves a will his face is not covered; otherwise the shroud is brought up over the head.

The burning ground, or ghat, is usually near a river that those who have taken part in the ceremonies may purify themselves as quickly and as easily as possible. Before erecting the funeral pyre a shallow pit is dug and partially filled with dry wood; the body is covered with splinters of dry wood and sprinkled with panchagavta, an inflammable liquid, and placed on the pyre and covered with branches and roots, like a hut.

The nearest relative or heir then takes a lighted taper and sets fire to the four corners of the pile and leaves at once to perform the ceremony of purification. The carriers, being of the lowest caste, remain until the body is entirely consumed.—Westminster Gazette.

A Paradoxical River.

On the African shore, near the gulf of Aden and connecting the lake of Assal with the main ocean, may be found one of the most wonderful rivers in the world. This curious river does not flow to but from the ocean toward inland. The surface of Lake Assal itself is nearly 700 feet below the mean tide, and it is fed by this paradoxical river, which is about twenty-two miles in length. It is highly probable that the whole basin which the lagoon partly fills was once an arm of the sea, which became separated therefrom by the damming of loose sand. The inflowing river has a limited volume, being fullest, of course, at high tide, and has filled the basin to such an extent that evaporation and supply exactly balance each other.

Three True Steels.

Iron and carbon steel, vanadium steel and tungsten steel are pointed out by Professor J. O. Arnold, British metallurgist, as the three true steels. The second kind is iron and carbon steel with 5 per cent of vanadium, the iron carbide having ceased to exist, and vanadium carbide being present, and the third kind is iron and carbon steel having 11.5 per cent of tungsten, the iron carbide having been expelled by the tungsten. Iron and carbon steel hardens at 730 degrees C., vanadium steel just below 1,450 degrees, its melting point, and tungsten steel at 550 degrees to 1,200 degrees.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Weather Effects.

The weather affects man in more ways, it appears, than many suspect. For example, it is believed that pressure variation due to fluctuating winds have peculiar pathological effects, that certain electrical conditions of the air induced by low atmospheric pressure have a pathological effect on nervous subjects and that solar radiation has peculiar effects which vary according to the season.

FATE OF A PIRATE CREW.

Strange Case of the Nancy Brig and a Hungry Shark.

In the museum at Kingston, Jamaica, there are some tattered ship's papers, brown with age and salt water, and a small tin canister. These articles attest the truth of the strangest pirate story ever told.

In 1700 the crew of the Nancy brig were apparently honest traders, but did some piracy now and then on the side. One day they found it necessary to go into Kingston for supplies. Before doing so they naturally removed all traces of their buccannery trade. Among other things they threw overboard this tin canister stuffed with papers taken from ships they had sunk, with comments written on the margin by the pirate captain.

Later in the day a British frigate was becalmed near the spot, and the sailors spent their leisure catching sharks. Presently they hauled up a big fellow, cut him open and found the tin canister with the papers inside. These were taken to the captain, who, as soon as a breeze sprang up, sailed into Kingston harbor, found the Nancy brig there and had the crew tried, convicted and hanged in chains at Port Royal.

FIRST BASEBALL GLOVE.

Story of the Little Third Baseman With the Iron Flat.

About 1867-68 a baseball team came to Rockford, Ill., to play our game, says a writer in All Outdoors. They called themselves the "Unconquered Clippers of Illinois" and plastered our town with big posters. We made up our minds to give them a drubbing, and at the end of the game the score was Rockford, 16; Clippers, 0.

There was a little chap playing third base who grabbed everything that came near him, and held it too. I noticed that he wore a kind of glove when the game was over I went to him and asked what it was that he wore on his hand. He told me that he was a machinist and had got his hand badly hurt the week before, and he showed me the wound in his palm. He said the boys did not want him to play in that game, but he got a piece of thin sheet steel and made it slightly concave, but so that it did not quite touch the sore place. He then made a short glove to cover all the hand excepting the first joints of the fingers and doubled the leather in the palm so that he could slip the plate between.

I asked him if it hurt, and he said it did not and that he could take a hot one and hold it better with the glove than without it. That is the whole story. I don't think that Spalding ever talked to the little chap with the iron flat, as the boys dubbed the third baseman, but everybody in Rockford knew about the mitt, and he may have got the idea from him. Anyway, that was the first glove that any ball player ever wore.

MODERN WIRE ROPE.

Mathematical Precision Rules Every Process in Its Making.

Although wire rope has been used as a mechanical appliance for almost 4,000 years, it is commonly regarded as a modern invention. During the many years which have elapsed since the first records of its use wire rope has passed from a crude to a highly developed product, and the purposes for which it is employed have increased a thousandfold. In no other branch of the American steel industry is there so great a demand for material of proved integrity, not to mention safety suggested that wire rope is hard to be abused. It is subjected to tremendous tensile strains, it must withstand constant bending, abrasion, corrosion and the peculiar internal stress produced by vibration.

Wire rope as it is made today is the product of the metallurgist and the mechanic. Every process, from the smelting of the ores, the solid drawing of the wire and the heat treatments it receives down to the stranding or laying up of the cable, is conducted with mathematical precision.

The chemist sees that only steel of the proper analysis is used; the electric pyrometer insures uniformity of heat treatment in various testing machines clearly develops the worth of the product before it is allowed to leave the mill. Wire rope is used in the mine shafts more than a mile in depth, and may be found on aeroplanes which sail a mile or more above the ground.—Technical World.

The Norwegian Costume.

It is at church in Norway that the national costume is best seen. In the north the women wear short dark gowns, with fringed handkerchiefs tied becomingly over their curly fair hair, black ones for the matrons and white ones for maidens. In the south the old Norwegian dress is often worn. It consists of a short dark petticoat, with a stripe of bright colors, a full white blouse and a red bodice heavily embroidered, while on Sundays a quantity of silver pins and chains are added. The address varies according to the occasion and the wearer's social condition. The girls wear jaunty red caps, the married women a coil made of many folds of starched white linen, plaited over a wooden frame, and a bride wears a high metal crown curiously chased and set with jewels.

Cataclysmic Geology.

Cataclysmic geology no longer exists. It was once the accepted opinion that the great changes in the earth's surface had been mainly brought about by sudden and violent cataclysmic agencies, but Sir Charles Lyell, as far back as 1830, demolished the old theory of cataclysm at once and forever. Sir Charles proved by facts which were indisputable that the great geological changes have been produced slowly by gradual processes of subsidence and elevation and not by earthquakes, volcanic action, etc. Lyell may be said to be the father of scientific geology.

Planned, but Never Written.

Among literary works planned, but never written, have been a "Life of Hazlitt" by Stevenson; "History of the Wars in Flanders," by Sir Richard Steele; "Life of Talleyrand," by Thackeray, and "A History of Our Vernacular Literature," by Isaac Disraeli.

Differentiation.

"Is your husband an optimist?" "Well," replied the tired looking woman, "he's an optimist in hoping for the best, but a good deal of a pessimist in working for it."—Washington Star.

Long Sentence.

William E. Gladstone, when he was British premier, once made a speech at Birmingham, the opening sentence of which contained 170 words.

Noble blood is an accident of fortune. Noble actions characterize the great.—Goldoni.

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FAME OF CAPE COD.

It Is Many Bided and Fairly Eclipsed Poor Cape Ann.

Cape Cod, aside from its shape, has a name to conjure with. What more appropriate? Cod is the palladium of our liberties. We have made unto ourselves a graven image thereof and have hung the same in our statehouse as a memorial forever. Our senator and the various congressmen from down Essex way never let the sacred fish go out of their thoughts.

Indeed, Cape Ann is just as anxious over the cod as the other cape is and probably wishes it had a similar chance at the name. The name of Cape Ann doesn't mean anything now, whatever it meant to the flattering colonials who first wished the then monarch's name on it.

Cape Ann doesn't look like a human foot. In fact, it doesn't look like much of anything but Cape Ann. But Cape Cod, with its sands, its bays, its long tongues and spits, is distinct. People try to swim to it. A certain kind of aristocracy is named for it. Its people get into books and then use the publishers. The pilgrim, fathers landed on it—and then had the supreme good sense to get back to the boats and hunt up Plymouth, where there was at least a rock to set historic feet upon, so that future generations might chip off bits of the same.—Lowell Courier-Citizen.

SQUINTING AT THE STARS.

It Helps the Astronomer In Calculating Their Distances.

While lecturing recently to an audience of children at the Royal Institution, London, Professor H. H. Turner explained how astronomers measure the distances of the sun, moon and stars. The importance of a squint was explained with the aid of a match and a cigar. Putting the cigar in his mouth and lighting the match, he told them it was by squinting that he judged the distance at which to hold it.

Then, taking another cigar, which was about twelve inches in length, he explained how in that case it was not necessary to squint so much, as the point of distance to be measured by the eyes was further away.

This was done to illustrate the fact that, just as the brain calculates the distances of things seen by means of the angle of the squint, so astronomers tell the distance of the stars by reckoning the amount of "squint" involved when looking at them.

Two telescopes are placed apart at an exactly measured distance. The astronomer then looks through the two telescopes at the same time and, having got them to the angle at which he can see the particular star, just reckons up the amount of "squint" and reads it off in millions of miles.—Boston Herald.

Not What They Seemed.

A marquis who was in residence for a few days at a Parisian hotel discovered that her pearl necklace, worth \$18,000, had disappeared from her room. Suspicion fell on a messenger boy, who admitted his guilt, but declared that the necklace had been taken from him by his mother. The mother corroborated her son's statement, expressing astonishment that so much trouble should be made about "a trashy little trinket," which, she explained, looked so cheap and tawdry that she had given it to her daughter-in-law. This young woman, in her teens, displayed an equal contempt for the "bits of things." She told the police that she had given the necklace to her little girl to wear, but she had removed about half the beads. All the missing pearls were found in a box among buttons and hooks and eyes.

The Lilies.

Two thousand years ago it was supposed that water lilies closed their flowers at night and retreated far under water to emerge again at sunrise. This was Pliny's view, and it was not impeached until the English botanist John Ray in 1638 first doubted its veracity. The great lily of Samaria, one of the grandest of the lily family, opens its flowers, ten inches wide, between 11 in the morning and 5 in the afternoon. They are of the richest royal blue, with from 150 to 200 golden stamens in the center, and they remain open four or five days. It is not generally known that there are lilies that have nocturnal habits—night bloomers as well as day bloomers. They are very punctual timekeepers, too, opening and closing with commendable regularity.

Poor Loser.

"Good morning, Dodswhite," said the first commuter who had met settled himself in a seat and partly regained his breath.

"Morning, Gadson," said the second commuter somewhat shortly.

"You don't seem pleased to see me."

"I should say not. When I saw you running just now I made a bet with the gentleman on my left that you wouldn't catch this train. Drat the luck! I've lost \$5."—Boston Herald.

His Standard.

Purchaser (bringing back his purchase)—This dog is the most ferocious beast I ever came across, and you said he was as gentle as a woman. Dealer in Canines—That's straight. My wife's the only woman I know anything about.—Chicago Herald.

His Strong Point.

Employer—What special qualifications have you for business? Applicant—Every place where I ever worked I reduced the firm's expenses before I left. Employer—Ah, an efficiency expert! Applicant—No; I usually started in at \$5 a week and when I quit I was getting \$5.—Judge.

Babies' White Clothes.

According to a London oculist, if white clothing for babies could be abolished, in a generation there would be a 20 per cent decrease in the number of persons with defective vision.

The Heaviest Meal.

"When do you take the heaviest meal of the day?" asked a bachelor of a married man.

"When my wife cooks 1½ cups of rep."—

TRUE FOSSIL FORESTS.

Yellowstone Park's Array of Stony Relics of Volcanic Activity.

Remarkable fossil forests exist in Yellowstone park, the most remarkable of which have been discovered—there are others in Egypt, in California and in Arizona—because in the Yellowstone most of the trees were entombed in their original upright position and not found recumbent and scattered about the ground.

In Arizona, for instance, the fossilized trunks have evidently been carried a long distance from where they originally grew.

In the Yellowstone the trees now stand where they grew and where they are entombed by the outpouring of various volcanic materials.

Now as the softer rocks surrounding them are gradually worn away they are left standing erect on the steep hillsides, just as they stood when they were living. In fact, it is difficult at a little distance to distinguish some of these fossil trunks from the living covered stumps of kindred living species. Such an aggregation of fossil trunks is therefore well entitled to be called a true fossil forest.

It should not be supposed, however, that these trees still retain their limbs and similar branches, for the mass of volcanic material falling on them stripped them down to bare, upright trunks.—Exchange.

HELP FOR HOMELY MEN.

Facial Decorations and Other Ways to Tone Down Ugliness.

If my face is too wide a beard lengthens it; if my face is too narrow it expands as if by magic with the addition of what have sometimes been affectionately called "mutton chops" or "sneers."

If my nose projects, almost like a hood trying to escape from a face to which it has been sentenced for life, a pair of large, handsome mustaches will provide a proper enticement—a nest, so to speak, on which the nose rests contentedly, almost like a sitting hen; if my nose retreats backward into my face the aesthetic solution is obviously gaiters.

A stout man can do wonders with his appearance by adopting a pointed beard and a suit of clothes, shirt, necktie and stockings with pronounced vertical stripes. A thin man, on the other hand, becomes at once substantial in effect without being gross if he cultivates side whiskers and wears a suit of clothes, shirt, cravat and stockings with pronounced horizontal stripes.

If my face lacks firmness and dynamic force it needs a brisk, arrogant mustache, or if it has too much of these qualities a long, sad, drooping mustache will counterbalance them.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Dancing Mania.

The "dancing mania" of the middle ages came on the heels of the great plague known as the "black death." It was some sort of nervous disease and is now supposed to have been what is known as "St. Vitus' dance." It began in the year 1374 at Aix-la-Chapelle and spread all over Germany, the Netherlands and Italy. The dancers formed circles hand in hand and appearing to have lost all reason continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together until in their wild delirium they fell to the ground in sheer exhaustion. Panting and foaming at the mouth, they would suddenly spring up and begin the dance again, to be again exhausted, and so on until they died. The mania involved millions of people.

Old Saws and Sayings.

A few old sayings on the subject of food come to us rather as a surprise in our age of daintiness and refinement, yet they have their raison d'être notwithstanding. "Meat is much, manners are more." "Cense your chatter and mind your platter." "The ass that brays most eats least." "With the liver to him who's the giver." "To can give little to his servant who licks his own trencher."

Appropos of this remark it is amusing to note that "unmanners" was the name given to the remnants of a meal. These came to the servants as official perquisites; hence our well worn expression before emptying a dish, "Leave the last slice (or whatever it may be) for manners."

A Queen Who Was a King.

Only once in the history of the world has a queen been officially known as a king. This was in Hungary, when the Hungarians gave the name of king to their Queen Mary in order to avoid the infamy which the laws of that country cast upon those who are governed by women. She bore the title of King Mary till her marriage with Sigismund. After that she took the title of queen.

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The Hay-Rack Ride

The hay-rack, like many other pastimes, is caught in the whirl of mechanical revolution, and must eventually pass from custom. — Toledo Blade.

Time was when yellow harvest moons their gleam shed on the hay-rack ride. When sweeping mist and frosty air the little heart made bold. And, Ah! to feel the slender form A-nestling at one's side— And, Ah! to feel the magic of the old-time hay-rack ride!

Time was when heat of horses' feet Upon the hard hay-rack ride. Time was when the youthful hearts That formed the hay-rack a load; To-day the chugging motor car Drives the hay-rack ride. Quite out-of-date, forgotten, is the old-time hay-rack ride.

Time was when a slender gift Of comedy would please; When crowded in the hay, Sweethearts might hug and squeeze; Ah, merry was the laughter then! Convention was defied— And, Ah! what loves were kindled on The old-time hay-rack ride!

A Wayward Tongue.

The chairman of the committee was addressing the meeting at a teachers' institute:

"My friends, the school-work is the bulwark of civilization, I mean—ah— He began to feel frightened. "The bulwark is the schoolwork of civ—" The smile could be felt. "The workhouse is the bulwark of—" He was evidently twisted. "The school is the housework—" An audible snigger spread over the audience. "The bulwark—" He was getting wild. So were his hearers. He tapped his perspiration, grunted his teeth, and made a fresh start. "The schoolhouse, my friends—" A sigh of relief went up. Hamlet was himself again. He gazed serenely around. The light of triumphant self-confidence was enthroned upon his brow. "Is the workhouse—" And that is when he lost consciousness.

All Well

I pass you on the Boulevard, You turn away in pique; Fate draws this line— You can't be mine, On twenty-five a week.

Training Husbands.

"Some wives," remarked Sam Bernard the other day, "have terribly effective methods in training their husbands."

"A young man had the habit of returning home from the club occasionally in a state of semi-intoxication. He married not long ago and, although he decided to turn over a new leaf, the old habits were too strong for him, and one night, while out with the boys, he took on board a trifle too much."

"Next morning he came down to breakfast with the dark-brown taste. There was something on the plate before him which had evidently been cooked and was supposed to be food. He took it up on his fork and held it up, looking at it in wonder."

"What in the world," he demanded, "is this supposed to be, dear?"

"Well," replied the young woman, with disdain, "it looks very much like your new soft felt hat, and that is what I thought it was; but you pulled it out of your pocket when you came home last night, and told me it was a nice juicy, steak; and that you bought it on the way home, and you wanted it broiled for breakfast. You can have it all. I'm not hungry." — Green Book.

No Dispute.

The elderly, benevolent gentleman approached the man and his wife who were quarreling bitterly.

"My dear friends," he said, "this won't do at all, you know."

"What have you got to do with it?" snarled the man.

"Nothing at all, except, so far as I can help in settling this dispute."

"There ain't no dispute," growled the belligerent.

"No dispute? But my dear friend!" "I tell you there ain't no dispute. She thinks she ain't going to get my week's wages, and I know she ain't. So where's any dispute?"

Mike and Pat went up to London together, and as they strolled down one of the streets Pat noticed a shop which a solicitor had taken temporarily while his offices were being repaired. As there was nothing in the windows Pat went inside to inquire the reason. He saw two clerks sitting on their high stools writing.

"I say," said Pat, "what do you sell here? You have nothing in the window."

"Oh," said one of the clerks with a smile, "we sell monkeys here."

"Well, then," returned Pat, "you must be doing a fine trade—only two of you left." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A cockney soldier was brought into a hospital in London, badly disabled. Within a month he was convalescing fairly well and one of the nurses asked him to describe a battle to her—his experiences, and how it felt, what happened, what the enemy did, and what his comrades did and so on right through the fight.

"Well, lydy," said the cockney, "you see, a battle's like this—first you 'ears a bang and then you 'ears a nurse's'y, 'Come along, sit up and tyke this.'"

A widow was seen busy with a watering can over a new grave.

"What are you watering so busily?" asked a passerby.

Widow—Well, I promised my first husband I wouldn't marry again until his grave was green. I have had a very good offer, so I'm trying to hurry things up a bit.

"Well," she inquired, "what can I do for you? Do you want employment?"

"Lady," replied the tramp, "you means well, but you can't make work sound any more invit' by usin' words of three syllables." — Ladies' Home Journal.

"What is that letter?" asked the busy merchant.

"Answer to your letter to a young lady proposing matrimony. Replying to your esteemed favor, the young lady declines."

"Hum! Said her our follow-up form No. 17." — Puck.

Farming Without Potash.

The following results, obtained at the Agricultural Experiment Station of the Rhode Island State College, may give confidence to farmers dependent largely upon the use of commercial fertilizers, even though they will probably be obliged to get along without much potash in their fertilizers in 1916.

For about 16 years prior to the beginning of the experiment, the land had been used for miscellaneous experimental purposes, receiving lime and fertilizers but no farm manure for at least a long time.

Attention is directed at this time to the yields since 1911 from a plot receiving no potash in comparison with the average yield from the two adjoining plots, one of which received each year potash in muriate, and the other in sulfate.

The non-potash fertilizer ingredients, which were added alike to all plots, have been applied liberally, and have consisted at different times of nitrate of soda, calcium cyanamid, dried blood, tankage, acid phosphate and basic slag phosphate. The average annual application was 68 pounds of nitrogen, 120 pounds of phosphoric acid and, where added, 80 pounds of potash per acre. Yields per acre in successive years on the same land.

Year	With Potash	Without Potash
1911 Mangel Beets, bu.,	1114	1031
Kutabuga Turnips, bu.,	1043	1037
Carrots, bu.,	929	903
1912 Onions, bu.,	478	510
1913 Onions, bu.,	289	280
1914 Hay, tons,	1.92	2.24
1915 Corn, ears, bu.,	63	64
Stover, tons,	3.93	4.14

The farmer should not conclude from the above that he will not use potash when it can be had at a reasonable price, but may congratulate himself if he has been liberal enough with his soil in the past so that it will continue temporarily to yield satisfactory crops even without potash.

By adding the other fertilizer ingredients liberally, he may reasonably expect that they will have sufficient effect in liberating potash from a previously well-fertilized granitic soil to enable him to get practically normal crops.

Now Massachusetts Bulletin applies to New England States Soil fertility problems of entire region covered by Director Brooks.

Director William P. Brooks, of the Massachusetts Experiment Station, has just issued a bulletin on "Phosphates in Massachusetts Agriculture," which should be secured by every farmer in New England interested in bettering the fertility of his farm and increasing the yields of his crops.

The use of raw rock and the dissolved or quickly available forms of phosphates are compared by Director Brooks, as a result of extensive experiments carried on under his direction. He warns farmers against the general use of raw rock phosphates and advises the more soluble and available forms, such as are generally found in large quantities in the mixed and special fertilizers on the market.

"Natural rock phosphates are unsuited to the conditions of our agriculture. What is needed is frequent (and in the case of hood crops annual) applications of dissolved phosphates," says Prof. Brooks in his summary. "High grade fertilizers with a large amount of water-soluble phosphoric acid are most favorable to a quick start and early maturity." Copies of the bulletin may be secured by writing the Experiment Station, Amherst, Mass.

Teach Better Farming With The "Movies."

Enter the "movies" into the agricultural progress of the country. The last word in better farming work is that the "flickers" are to be utilized to teach farmers the value and results of crop rotation, use of fertilizers, methods of caring for the crops and harvesting. A movement is on foot to bring out 50 films for use throughout the Central States.

Give Your Fields The Babcock Test.

Methods Used by Dairymen can be applied to farm lands with profit. Through the Babcock test, dairymen are able to tell just how much milk and butterfat each cow produces. They are then able to determine, by comparison with their feed record costs and overhead expenses, the profit or loss made by each animal in the herd. One third of the cows in the country do not make a profit, according to the Government reports.

Why not apply the same system to the farms and fields of New England? By taking "Babcock tests" of each field, the farmer is able to tell exactly what profit and loss is made each year. A record of the profits from year to year is also important. The expense for fertilizer, labor, seed and drainage can be computed over a number of years. Better farm management includes the upbuilding of the soil just as dairymen include the upbuilding of the dairy herd. Know your farm is as important as to know your cows.

Government Will Test Your Seed.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture at Washington, offers to test your seed. Mr. Farmer and to give you information concerning the (a) truthness to name, (b) presence of adulterants, (c) proportion of chaff and dirt present, (d) proportion of weed seeds present, (e) chaff and dirt present, (f) pureness that will grow and (g) region of origin. Proper cultural methods, applications of manure and fertilizers and a season's hard work is lost if the seed used is not good. Send a sample to the Seed Laboratory, Washington, D. C.

There was a youth whose tendency to sleep late of mornings cost him his job. The man in question, a Swede, was working for a farmer who demanded punctuality above everything else.

The farmer told him he must be at work every morning at 4 o'clock sharp. The "hand" failed to get up in time, and the farmer threatened to discharge him. Then the "hand" bought an alarm clock, and for some time everything went along smoothly. But one morning he got to the field 15 minutes late. The farmer immediately discharged him, in spite of his protestations that his alarm clock was to blame. Sadly returning to his room, the discharged employe determined to find out the cause of his downfall. He took the alarm clock to pieces and discovered a dead cockroach among the works.

"Well," he soliloquized, "Ay tank it bane no wonder the clock wouldn't run—the engineer bane dead." — Exchange.

"All the fools are not dead yet," said the sarcastic man.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the simple one. "Aren't you feeling well?" — Joplin Star.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Odd Bits of News.

Norris City, Ind.—Queer things are sometimes found in a coal mine. Recently a miner dug out a piece of slate which looked like a shoe sole; even the sewing on the edges appearing perfectly. Not long ago another miner found a perfectly formed spinning top, made of slate.

Fl. Worth, Tex.—As the trap was sprung at the execution of C. A. Meyers, the hangman's noose completely severed the head from Meyer's body.

Stoughton, Wis.—Mrs. Sigrid Larson, 95 years old, talked for the first time over a telephone recently. Up to two months ago she was deaf, but her hearing was restored to her suddenly.

Chicago, Ill.—"Stop thief!" The cry echoed through the city hall, and a passer-by clutched the flying coat-tails of Stephen McLeet. At the Central police station Mrs. Marie Alphonso testified that McLeet became nervous when they went to get marriage license and started to run, and that she called "Stop thief!" because she knew if he got away she could never get him to the marrying point again.

Jena, La.—Benjamin Miller, formerly town marshal of Riverton, Ill., surrendered to Sheriff T. E. DeWitt recently. Miller, who is nearly eighty years old, says he is wanted for the murder of James Kirkin at Riverton in 1879, and that he has been a hunted animal for forty years.

Birmingham, Ala.—The three children of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCown celebrated their birthdays recently. Pauline is eight; Josephine is six; Lillian Mae is two years. Each was born on November 9th.

Kendallville, Ind.—As a protest against the high cost of living thirty-nine young men have formed an anti-girl club. The prospects for increasing the number are excellent. The object of the club is to refrain from acquaintanceship with any young lady, or having any association with the female sex. Violations of the rules are punishable by a fine of \$5.

Her Second the Same.

Irvin S. Cobb is responsible for this negro story:

Mogo had been hit by a shifting engine in the freight yard and his parts were so widely dispersed that they had to put him down as a total loss. Even before the engine slowed down, the claim agent was on the job and had the widow in tow, leading her toward the office of the company.

With Clarissa was Hannah, a black wench friend. When the trio reached the railroad office the agent produced some papers and began filling them in. "Now, then, Clarissa," he said, "all you have to do is to sign right there, agreeing to bring no action against the company for your husband's death, and I will make you a present of these five nice, new \$100 bills."

Clarissa's eyes bulged out like a crab's. Hannah turned to her and gasped: "Law'nsakes, alive, chile, what you all gonna do wif all 'at money?"

"Oh, ah'll buy chickens, an' a new house, an' 'bout a hundred dresses an' jes' whatever ah needs fo' de resta mah life."

"Don't yo' needs anotha husband?" asked Hannah.

Clarissa fanned herself with one of the new \$100 bills.

"Well, ah don't know 'bout dat, but ef ah evah does get married agin, it'll sholy be to a railroad man."

The Work that Must be Done.

It's not the work you'd like to do, The work that pleases most, Or represents the best in you, Of which you really boast; It's work that's done from loyalty, That means a triumph won; And one's best work ever be The work that MUST be done.

For time and tide wait for no man, And Duty's clarion call Ring out; you do the best you can; You give your heart and all; Though oft the heart is full of tears, And hidden be the sun, The world will judge you, it appears By work that MUST be done.

What though the task heartbreaking be, Or scarce seem worth the while? The painted clown you sometimes see Might reason in this style. His sorrows—what are they to YOU? His to provide the fun; And thus he does, as you must do, The work that MUST be done.

Too Many Thirsts.

A young Englishman came to Washington and devoted his days and nights to an earnest endeavor to drink all the Scotch whiskey there was. He couldn't do it, and recently he went to a doctor complaining of a disordered stomach.

"Quit drinking," ordered the doctor.

"But, my dear sir, I can't. I get so thirsty!" said the doctor, "whenever you are thirsty eat an apple instead of taking a drink."

The Englishman paid his fee and left. He met a friend to whom he told his experience.

"Bally rot," he protested. "Fawncy eating 40 apples a day." — Saturday Evening Post.

Use It for Ice Cream.

"When I was a rich man, years ago," said Joseph Brooks the other day in New York, "I took my wife to England on a pleasure trip. We stopped at an old-fashioned hotel and had all our meals served in our rooms. One day Mrs. Brooks wanted a soda cracker. She summoned the waiter and told him to bring her one. He went away and was gone at least half an hour. When he returned he had a nut cracker on a plate.

"What am I going to do with that thing?" asked Mrs. Brooks.

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am, thank you," replied the waiter. "I was wondering a bit myself, thank you!"

News or Historians.

The inspector was examining a school and all the class had been specially told beforehand by its teacher, "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

The subject was history.

"Who," asked the inspector, "was the mother of the great Scottish hero and king, Robert Bruce?"

He pointed to the boy in front of him, then round the class. There was no answer. Then at last the heart of the teacher leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot indicated that he knew.

"Well, my boy," continued the inspector, "who was she?"

"Mrs. Bruce," said the lad.

"Does Miss Blondine play golf?"

"Yes, fluently." — Philadelphia Ledger

All Sorts.

The advice "Be up and doing" Seems to mean to many men To be up and doing others— Which is something else again.

Star—Is your boarding house manager stingy? Ying—Stingy? Why, it breaks his heart to feed the furnace.—Stanford Chaparral.

"Please, sir, give a poor blind man a quarter."

"A quarter won't cure your blindness, will it?"

"It will enable me to see the bartender around the corner." — Houston Post.

"Your father's a sicker man than we thought."

"That so, Ma?"

"Yes, I just did something that suited him." — Detroit Free Press.

"Fashion is going to kill sentiment."

"How now?"

"My girl has given me a lock of green hair." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Associate Editor—I have some paragraphs on "Socks" here. Where shall I put them?

The Chief—Among the foot notes.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Bix—"I got there a report from Holland that concrete bases for German cannons have been found there."

Dix—"Don't believe a word you hear from Holland. The geography says it is a low, lying country." — Boston Transcript.

Bacon—Those old-fashioned gas pipes seem to be going out of use.

Egbert—What do you mean by old-fashioned gas pipes?

"Why, speaking tubes." — Yonkers Statesman.

Tommy—Pop, what is an idealist?

Tommy's Pop—An idealist, my son, is a very young man who thinks all women are angels. — Philadelphia Record.

"What sort of a woman is this Mrs. Mundane are you talking about?"

"Well, she's one of those women who would sooner have a clear complexion than a clear conscience."

The Bridegroom (just before the ceremony)—I must take a bracer, but I don't want to overdo it. How much ought I to take, old fellow?

Beat Man—Well, I should keep on taking 'em till I didn't care whether I was married or not.—Life.

Nell—A girl shouldn't marry a man until she knows all about him.

Belle—Good gracious! If she knew all about him she wouldn't want to marry him at all. — Philadelphia Record.

Philo—Did you say widow or widow? Sophy—I said widow; but they are both very much alike.

Philo—How so?

Sophy—When I get near either of them I always look out.—Judge.

"How is your little garden coming on?"

"Aw, the vegetables won't play fair. The space I had allotted to dozen strawberry plants has been preempted by a big duffer of a squash." — Kansas City Journal.

Some folks are like rocking chairs—full of motion without progress. — Estelle Kleauder.

"She says her love for you is, a consuming passion."

"It is. It takes five pounds of candy a week to keep it alive." — Town Topics.

She—So you think women are naturally wasteful, eh?

He—Sure. Just see the way they kiss each other. — Philadelphia Record.

Bobbie (who has been sent over for the fifth time to find out how Mrs. Brown is)—All right, ma; she's dead. — Boston Transcript.

Willie (to young man caller)—Say, when you were a kid and some chap was calling on your sister, didn't he give you a quarter to go out and spend?

—Boston Transcript.

Wife—Everything is getting higher. Husband—Oh, I don't know. There's your opinion of me and my opinion of you, and the neighbors' opinion of both of us. — Crescent.

Mrs. Goodwin—I wish to select a present for my husband, and I can't find anything suitable. He doesn't smoke or drink, or go out nights, or play cards.

Salesperson—Is he fond of fancy work? — National Food Monthly.

"But she says she has never given you any encouragement."

"Did she say that?"

"She certainly did."

"She told me that her uncle was going to leave her a fortune and that he had one foot in the grave. If that isn't encouragement I'd like to know what you call it." — Houston Post.

"Give three reasons for saying the earth is round," confronted Sandy in an examination paper.

"My teacher says it's round, the book says it's round and a man told me it was round." — Christian Register.

"Why is it that misfortunes come in pairs?" asked the old fogey.

"I don't know," replied the grouch, "but maybe it is because the other fellow has three of a kind." — Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Boston doctor says that 50 years hence kissing will be considered barbarous. Oh, very well. One might as well be dead as out of fashion, and if he is right we will quit kissing—50 years hence.

"Do only difference wealth makes to some families," said Uncle Eben, "is a chance to gossip on a front porch instead of over de back fence." — Washington Star.

A man was arrested for robbing another of his watch and chain. The magistrate discharged him, as there was not sufficient evidence to convict him. The prisoner stood still in the dock amazed at being given his freedom so soon.

"You're discharged," said the magistrate, "you can go; you are free." Still no word from the prisoner, who stood still staring at the magistrate.

"Don't you understand? You have been acquitted. Get out," said the magistrate.

"Well," stammered the prisoner at last, "do I have to give him back his watch and chain

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the initials. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the initials.

Direct all communications to:
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1915.

NOTES.

REMINISCENCES OF NEWPORT by Dr. Henry R. Turner, January 1911. Manuscript in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T.—continued.

But I have diverged. Each of these shops was a resort, naturally, for some of their customers and friends for social entertainment, exchange of ideas, and friendly gossip, particularly in the evenings, and Mr. Freeborn's was especially noted as the resort of a remarkable set of men, remarkable even in those days, when men were characterized by more decided individuality than now. Why men should be more uniformly moulded now, than formerly, would be difficult to explain, and I do not propose any attempt to elucidate so abstruse a subject, but the fact seems to me without question.

Some of the names of the men to whom I allude, and who all lived in the neighborhood, were Major Henry Bull, Benjamin Hazard, George Hall, Henry Y. Cranston, Thomas Coggeshall, before mentioned, Homer Weaver, Edward Simmons, Doctor John P. Mann, Thomas P. Pitman, Sanford Bell, Thomas Bush, Silas Ward and others perhaps of salient angles.

Major Bull was a very strong man, and in his generation the only representative of the Bull family who bore a prominent place in every generation from the first Henry, who was one of the eight original settlers of Pocasset to the present Major Henry.

Major Bull was a member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island for a great many years, and had a commanding influence and power in that body, as well as in this town which he represented. For many years he continued to represent Newport, although belonging to the party adverse to the majority of the citizens of the town, with the understanding however that he should not vote in the Assembly with his party friends on political questions notwithstanding that he was an intense and very active partisan. Although, at an election, he declined to give the pledge required of him and was superseded, he thinking his personal strength would carry him through. His repeated election by his political opponents shows his high estimation in which he was held in the constituency, and there is no doubt that he might have represented the town much longer on the old footing.

Major Bull came into life as a stone cutter, but he became, through his own commanding qualities, one of the principal merchants and one of the leading spirits in town affairs.

He was very much interested in the early history of the town and State, and expended much time and energy in developing and connecting with that subject and is entitled to be regarded as the pioneer of a movement which has become quite important and very creditable.

Mr. Benjamin Hazard who lived in the house, corner Broad and Stone Streets, (formerly the residence of Martin Howard Jun., a loyalist refugee, who had made himself very offensive by adding in the enforcement of the Stamp Act, previous to the Revolution. The house after Howard was the residence of Judge Lyman. Mr. Hazard's father-in-law,) was also for many years a representative from Newport in the General Assembly, and a leading member of that body. Indeed, he may be said to have been the leading member, from the extreme length of his service and his personal prominence and importance, as he was certainly the leading member of the bar in Newport, if not, as he was esteemed to be by many, in the State of Rhode Island. At that time, the Assembly composed such names as Job Durfee, Joseph L. Tillinghast, Peter Pratt, Eliza R. Potter, Sen'r, James F. Simmons, John Whipple, Thomas W. Dorr, George Curtis, Henry Bull, a brilliant galaxy, each of them worthy Mr. Hazard's steel and giving a character and prestige to the General Assembly which it were worse than vain to hope for again, in the best garden now rapidly in process of development. No one would presume to place Mr. Hazard second to any of the competitors I have named.

With the same names adding Asber Robbins, Samuel Brigham, and Albert C. Greene as associates at the bar, Mr. Hazard took no second rank, and his Newport constituency were very nearly unanimously in rating him as "Facile princeps," and the "Magnus Apollo" in the forensic arena.

Mr. Hazard married Harriet, daughter of Judge Daniel Lyman, who had been a Major in the Continental Service, during the Revolution.

Queries.

3376. HOLMES, WIGHTMAN—George Holmes married—, and had a daughter Susannah, who married Valentine Wightman in New Kingston, R. I., on Feb. 10 (or 17), 1703 (or 1705). Can anyone give me the proper dates for the marriage of Susannah Holmes and Valentine Wightman? the dates and places of their respective births and deaths and the ancestry of Susannah Holmes and Valentine Wightman?—F. L.

3377. SHEFFIELD, WELLS—Elizabeth Sheffield born Oct. 1, 1728, married 1748 in Westerly, R. I., Edward Wells, born in Hopkinton, 1736. Ancestry of said Elizabeth wanted.—H. C.

3378. ROGERS, TOPPITZ—Thomas (8) Wells (Thomas (2), Nathaniel (1), born in Ipswich, 1683, died in Westerly, R. I., 1716, married 1691, Sarah Rogers (perhaps). She married, second, before 1722, Toppitz. Who was he and

where did she die? The name Toppitz cannot be found in Arnold's Vital Statistics of R. I.—H. C.

3379. BARNES—Peter (2) Barnes, (Thomas (1) married Sept. 23, 1716 Margery (Whipple) Borden. They had four children, Nathan, Enoch, Lydia, and John. John was born Dec. 31, 1728; whom did he marry? Peter's home was in Providence or Smithfield, R. I., but his son John is supposed to have spent some years in Connecticut.—S. I.

3380. TURNER—Joseph Turner, born Nov. 4, 1800, died in Johnston, R. I., April 2, 1868, married Sarah (Mowry) Rose. Can any one give me information regarding him. He is supposed to have been the son of Moses Turner who have married an Elizabeth Bradley. I am quite certain he had a brother Harrison.—S. I.

3381. WHIPPLE, ARNOLD—Wanted the ancestry of Eleanor Whipple, probably of Uxbridge, Mass., who married, Dec. 18, 1743, Captain Noah Arnold of Gloucester, R. I.—W. F.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chase and their three sons of Gates Ferry are visiting in town.

Mrs. William Barker is ill at her home at Fair View.

Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., will present the new schoolhouse on Quaker hill with a flag, on Friday afternoon with appropriate exercises.

Miss Kate L. Durfee has been entertaining Miss Amelia Perry of Pawtucket.

Allston Clarke has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Faulkner.

There are miles of loaded freight cars side-tracked in yards in Buffalo and Pittsburgh which cannot be moved because of lack of steamships in New York. It is estimated that between 50,000 and 100,000 cars are thus stalled.

The British casualty lists for November showed a decrease in losses from October, at 1232 officers and 45,184 men. This swells the totals of British killed, wounded and missing during the war to about 600,000.

After making \$350,000,000 of gifts, Andrew Carnegie has but \$20,000,000 left according to a friend. It yields him an annual income of \$1,000,000. Most of his estate will go to charity at his death.

Why do soldiers need blankets when they can cover themselves with glory on the field?—Boston Transcript.

"Meet me at Barney's"

Will there be a Victrola in your home CHRISTMAS?

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REAL VICTROLAS

from \$15.

Be sure you select yours early.

BARNEY'S Music Store.

140 Thames Street

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SO. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.
Newport, September 24, A. D. 1915.
BY VIRTUE of a writ of execution issued out of the District Court of the 1st Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1915, and returnable to the said Court on October 1st, A. D. 1915, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the twenty-third day of June, A. D. 1915, in favor of Peleg B. Henshaw, of the Town of Tiverton, in the State of Rhode Island plaintiff, and against Michael J. Kirby, alias John Doe of the City of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m. levied the said execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant Michael J. Kirby, alias had on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1915, at 40 minutes past 5 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded as follows: Southwesterly by Garfield Street about 50 feet, westerly by lands now or formerly of John Kirby about 100 feet, northerly by lands formerly of Joseph P. Coggeshall, deceased about 50 feet, and easterly by lands now or formerly of Senator Varga about 100 feet, be all of the said measurements more or less or bore as otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND
Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1915, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

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MONDAY TO THURSDAY,

December 27-30, 1915.

Four days of discourses devoted to vital topics concerning the agricultural industry of the State. Lectures upon Animal Husbandry, Crop Production, Farm Accounting and Marketing of Products. Members of the College Faculty, assisted by specialists of national reputation.

Tuesday, December 29
Special Program for Women

For further particulars see special announcement which will be sent upon request. Address—

PRESIDENT HOWARD EDWARDS,
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THE WINTER POTTERY COURSE

At Rhode Island State College

JAN. 21-25 FEB. 1-5

Kingston, R. I.

Write for particulars.

Don't Rush Yet

He's here--whip in hand, with rush orders and sharp command to be ready at once. That's his way--no time to lose, no time lost, everything thought of--everybody thought of too, you'd say, for his big Xmas bundle is full to the top.

GIFTS:

for the little ones, gifts for the older ones, gifts for father, gifts for mother, gifts for brother, gifts for sister, and the other fellow's sister too. Sensible gifts, gifts that will carry happy remembrances through their usefulness, far into the years to come.

HERE

Is where he'll dol out his Xmas cheep. Here's where he'll warn your hearts with the Xmas beauty he'll give you and the little he'll take for it. Handsome Imported dolls. Handsome gifts of China. Brilliant Cut Glass at prices that will make your eyes sparkle. Sterling Silver Novelties--these are a few of the thousand and one things he has brought to tempt your willing hearts to Xmas Gift giving.

At Santa's Xmas Shop

A. C. Titus Co., 225-229 Thames Street,

Newport, R. I.

WHAT ABOUT CHRISTMAS?

Dread to meet the question--don't you? Been thinking it over for some time--simply can't make up your mind as to what gifts to give. Why not an Account at the Savings Bank of Newport? What can you better afford--what will be more acceptable than a Bank Book?

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Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I.
December 1, 1915.

Estate of Martha R. Chase.
GEORGE R. CHASE has this day filed in this Office his petition in writing to the Probate Court of said Middletown, praying that a certain instrument in writing bearing date May 8, 1908, purporting to be the last will and testament of Martha R. Chase, Widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, may be proved and allowed and letters testamentary issued to him, as the Executor of said will, and said petitioner has applied to me to give due notice of the filing and pendency of his said petition according to law.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested therein, that said petition will be considered and acted upon at the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of December instant, A. D. 1915, at one o'clock p. m.

ALBERT R. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

And a double-barreled shot gun and an eye out for the stork.--Houston Post.

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"I am," shuddered Upon Downs, the promising but not paying young business man. "A doctor told me more than 80 per cent. of my body is water already, and I'm afraid to dilute myself any more."--Judge.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SO. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.
Newport, R. I. September 15th, 1915.
BY VIRTUE of a writ of execution issued out of the District Court of the 1st Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1915, and returnable to the said Court on October 1st, A. D. 1915, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1915, in favor of National Fertilizer Company, a Connecticut Corporation, with a place of business in the City of Providence, in the State of Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Michael J. Kirby, alias John Doe of the County of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m. levied the said execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant Michael J. Kirby, alias had on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1915, at 40 minutes past 5 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded as follows: Southwesterly by Garfield Street about 50 feet, westerly by lands now or formerly of John Kirby about 100 feet, northerly by lands formerly of Joseph P. Coggeshall, deceased about 50 feet, and easterly by lands now or formerly of Senator Varga about 100 feet, be all of the said measurements more or less or bore as otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND
Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 10th day of December, A. D. 1915, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

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